Class PN4200
Book .T4

THE VESTIBULE

OF

ELOQUENCE.

Δ.·.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES,

ORATORICAL AND POETICAL,

INTENDED

As Exercises in Recitation, at the Institution, Bedford Place, Russell Square.

BY JOHN THELWALL, ESQ.

PROFESSOR OF THE SCIENCE AND PRACTICE OF ELOCUTION.

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THE CONTENTS

OF THIS VOLUME ARE AS FOLLOWS.

1. *The Plan and Terms of the Institution.*
2. *An Introductory Discourse on the Nature and Objects of Elocutionary Science* 1
3. *The Trident of Albion; an Epic Effusion on the Death of Lord Nelson* 25
4. *An Oration on Martial Enthusiasm; with the Eulogies of Epaminondas and Alfred* . . . 39
5. *Odes for Recitation—*

To the energies of Britain, in behalf of the Spanish Patriots 65

The Negro's Prayer 75

For the Anniversary of the Humane Society . . 78

To EDWARD RUSHTON, *on his restoration to Sight, after a blindness of thirty years* . . . 81

The SONG *of* ALI, *the Lion of God* 85

To Peace (written in 1801*)* 89

To Benevolence 94

" *From Mate and Nestlings far away*" 97

To the English Long Bow 98

To Despair 102

To FULVIA 104

To Dr. PALEY 107

6. *Two Passages translated from the first Book of* VIRGIL 111

7. *Extracts from* THE HOPE OF ALBION . . . 115

8. *The first Gray Hair; a Moral Rhapsody* . . . 150

The earlier articles, having been printed for some years, are already in the hands of many persons, and may, therefore, be had separately.

The price of this book will shew that it does not aim at extensive circulation. The fact is, that only a very small edition has been printed of the additional articles, merely for the use of the institution; and it is only published, because it is the wish of the professor that every thing relating to the exercises of his pupils should be open to public inspection. For satisfaction on more important points, the reader is referred to the Letter, just published, by the same author, "*To* HENRY CLINE, Esq. on imperfect developements of the Faculties, mental and moral, as well as constitutional and organic;" *and to the miscellaneous articles assembled in the Appendix to that Letter.*

PLAN AND OBJECTS, &c.

THE imperfect state of Elocution, in this country,—so inconsistent with the state of knowledge and refinement, in every other respect,—and the deficiency of grace, harmony and facility, even in the tones and enunciation of our professed Instructors, our Advocates and public speakers, are 'phenomena that cannot have escaped the animadversion of critical observers; and that have even brought a stigma upon our language itself, for which there is no other foundation; while the frequent occurrence of every species of degrading and troublesome impediment, has been noticed by foreigners, as one of the unfortunate peculiarities of the English nation. These considerations have induced Mr. Thelwall to devote several years of his life, to a Theoretical and Practical Analysis of the Phenomena of Spoken Language;—to a minute examination of the organization, on which those Phenomena depend; and an accurate investigation of the Physiological, Rational, and Musical Principles, by which the powers, both of Conversational and Oratorical Delivery, may, most effectually, be regulated and improved.

Of the point of view in which these researches have led him to consider the subject, the principles that form the basis of his general system of Instruction, and the progressive developement and practical operation of those principles, some sketches will be found in his "Vestibule of Eloquence"—

his "Illustrations of English Rhythmus," and his "Letter to Mr. Cline, on Defective Developements of the Faculties, Mental and Moral, as well as constitutional and organic; and the treatment of Impediments of Speech."

IMPEDIMENTS. In practical application, the system is not only adapted to the ordinary purposes of superinducing a distinct and intelligible delivery, and to the removal of those defects, usually considered under the denomination of Impediments; but, also, to the remedy of Feebleness and Dissonance of Voice; to the correction of Foreign and Provincial Accents, and every offensive peculiarity of Tone and Enunciation: nor are even those cases precluded from relief, in which there are actual Deficiencies and Malconformations, in the Natural Organs of Utterance: particularly of the palate and uvula.

To cases of this last description, hitherto universally regarded as beyond all hope of remedy, he has paid, indeed, a very particular attention; several such cases having been referred to his management by Surgeons and Medical practitioners of the very first respectability. In every one of those his success has been such as to surpass even his own most sanguine expectations; a completely intelligible distinctness having been produced in all; and where time and perseverance has not been denied, even an agreeable utterance and harmonious intonation; so that the expectation may confidently be encouraged, that, wherever the pupil is put under proper management at a sufficiently early period, a delivery so complete and perfect may be produced, as scarcely to leave a vestige of peculiarity: and this without the troublesome and dangerous application of any artificial organ whatever.

At the same time, by a felicity, that frequently belongs to the discoveries of real Science, the principles most conducive to the obvious purposes of utility, are found to be no less applicable to the highest refinements of grace and elegance; and the system of Instruction, that gives Speech to the Mute, and

Fluency to the convulsive Stammerer, may be applied to the improvement of all the Harmonies of Language; to the rhythmus of Poetry and elegant Composition, the easy flow of Conversational Eloquence, and the energies of Public Oratory.

Nor is the process adopted, either tedious or precarious. The time necessary to the attainment must, of course, depend, in a considerable measure, upon the extent of accomplishment desired,—the nature and degree of the impediment or habit to be encountered, and the susceptibility, diligence, previous attainments, and dispositions of the pupil:—but frequently, a single quarter, and generally, a single year,—will be found sufficient, for the removal of the most troublesome defects:—especially, where the mental habits, of the Pupil, have been such as are at all favourable to intellectual expansion, and scientific and literary accomplishment. In some instances, indeed (even where there were Impediments of a very formidable description), a *few weeks* have been sufficient, for attaining the essential objects of tuition. Such instances, however, ought rather to be regarded as the miracles of the art, than to be calculated upon, as in the ordinary occurrence of events; and, upon the whole, it were to be wished—that every person, afflicted with any serious Impediment, before he embarks at all in so important an undertaking as the remedy of such a defect, should have previously made up his mind to persevere, with diligence, for a reasonable time, in the plans of the Institution. It is for this reason (among others, sufficiently obvious,) that so marked a difference is made, in such cases, between the terms of shorter, and of longer engagements. It is equally important to the reputation of the Science, and to the interest of the pupil, that, in every case, the cure (if attempted) should be perfected and confirmed; and tho this has sometimes been accomplished with a celerity surpassing the most sanguine expectation, it cannot be denied—that serious, tho not insurmountable difficulties, do occasionally occur; and altho, in almost every instance (in

every one, indeed, in which there has been tolerable perseverance,) the advantages once gained by any pupil of this establishment, have been as permanent as they have been satisfactory; yet absolute security from relapse, can only reasonably be expected, where time and practice are suffered to confirm, what science and discipline have taught. Uniform experience, however, has authorized the assertion—that, wherever the Student has capacity, leisure and inclination, to give the same attention to the subject, which other sciences, and much more frivolous accomplishments require, *a correct and impressive elocution is universally attainable.*

Only one single instance of failure (where any reasonable time has been allowed to the experiment) has occurred during the whole twelve years of Mr. Thelwall's practice; and even in this instance, as far as relates to reading, the object was accomplished to a degree that might have been considered as highly satisfactory. But as nothing could arouse the mind of the Pupil in question to the state of cheerful and social activity, by which alone the conversational faculties can be developed, it must be confessed that in this individual case very little was attained in what relates to spontaneous utterance. But all circumstances considered, this solitary instance can scarcely be considered as impeaching the infallibility of the general system.

The difficulty, indeed, will generally be increased, in proportion as the pupil advances towards the maturity of life: tho the system and discoveries exclusively acted upon in this Institution, have even been found successful in removing the impediments of persons who were upwards of thirty, and even of forty years of age. Parents, however, will do wisely, to seek for proper remedies, on the first appearance of difficulty or hesitation; since it is not to be concealed—that impediments of speech frequently originate in, and still more frequently produce, defects or peculiarities of a mental or moral description; which are more easily, if not more efficaciously remedied, in the earli-

est stages of youth and ductility, than when the passions have began to exert their dominion, and the business and the pleasures of life, to complicate the malady, and distract the attention. Nor let it be regarded as invidious, if it be added—that the customary modes of initiating children in the first elements of literature, have a lamentable tendency to aggravate, and even to produce this calamity; while the system of initiation adopted in this institution, will inevitably preclude (even in instances of the most unfavourable conformation,) the possibility of such an occurrence: at the same time,—that system is so methodical, and proceeds upon such solid principles of reason and of nature, as cannot fail of a beneficial operation, on the understanding and general faculties of the pupil. Neither ought it to be forgotten, that Impediments are, in a great degree, contagious; and that, consequently, wherever they are suffered, in an individual instance, to grow into confirmed habit, they are very apt to infect the whole of the younger members of a family. What are sometimes called hereditary impediments, are, in reality, nothing more than demonstrations of the contagious influence of early, and perhaps, *unconscious* imitation: a circumstance, which might suggest to a conscientious parent, the injustice, as well as the impolicy, of sending any child infected with this malady, to any ordinary seminary;—where, while the customary discipline must, in all probability, considerably aggravate the disease, the calamity is most likely to be propagated thro' a much wider circle.

Other considerations might, also, be insisted on, to evince the impropriety of placing young persons afflicted with Impediments, in any seminary of that description; where, as it is utterly impossible (without manifest injustice to other pupils) that the tutor should devote to them the extended portions of time and attention, which the performance, even of the ordinary scholastic exercises must require,—the obstruction of the utterance, too frequently, becomes a cause of still more calamitous deficiency. Instances are not wanting, in which the intellectual powers, have

been suffered thus to languish into imbecility, till organic impediment has been confounded with physical or mental idiocy. Nor would it be difficult to demonstrate—(as has been, perhaps, already sufficiently done, in the letter to Mr. Cline,) the almost equal impropriety of placing the pupil who either labours under an impediment, or is even absolutely speechless, without being destitute of hearing—(and such cases, though rare, most undoubtedly exist) in seminaries for the deaf-born dumb; where habits must inevitably be acquired, from which the pupil whose defect of utterance does not originate in deafness, should be jealously and absolutely precluded.

To avert, effectually, the danger of these calamities, and obviate every disadvantage, under which so numerous a class of persons will be found to labour, it appeared to be indispensable, that the Institution for the Cure of Impediments, should not only extend its views to every object and consideration that might challenge the attention of more adult pupils,—but that it should be conducted upon such a plan, that even the first rudiments, as well as the last finishing accomplishments, and the intermediate gradations of liberal instruction, might be secured within its walls.

JUNIOR PUPILS. The superintendence of Junior Pupils, is therefore, undertaken by Mrs. Thelwall; who will initiate them in the rudiments of the English, French, Latin and Italian Languages; and, in the elements of such other parts of erudition, as are necessary for the early developement of the faculties, and the introduction of youth to the higher walks of scientific and literary instruction.

LADIES. Three or four female Pupils (either Adults or Juniors) may also be accommodated, under the immediate superintendence of Mrs. Thelwall, in the apartments reserved for the accommodation of her own daughters: where they will be treated, in every respect, with maternal care and attention, and

assisted in every attainment and accomplishment adapted to their sex and circumstances.

CLASSICS, &c. To promote still further the studies and improvement of those pupils who may have advanced beyond the proper age for female instruction, the classical and scientific departments are conducted (with proper assistants) by Mr. Thelwall, junior, upon a plan that renders even those attainments promotive of the essential object of remedying the defects of utterance: so that the prosodies of the Greek and Latin languages are made to co-operate with the demonstrated principles of English Rhythmus, and the perceptions of musical inflection and proportion, in remedying the impediments, and improving the elocution of the pupils. Further provision is also made for the ultimate accomplishment of more adult students, in every branch of scholastic erudition, and elegant attainment: Classical and Mathematical Teachers, of the first respectability, being procured, wherever such assistance is found necessary; and proper Masters for the pronunciation and critical composition of the living Languages; and for Music, Dancing, Fencing, Drawing, and every species of erudition and exercise, that can contribute to mental expansion, to dignity and elegance of deportment, and to the appropriate graces and accomplishments of ingenuous or illustrious youth. So that young pupils committed to the care of Mrs. Thelwall, and those of more advanced years, placed under the superintendence of Mr. Thelwall, may confidently expect (besides the effectual remedy of their elocutionary defects) all the advantages, respectively, to be secured, at a preparatory, or at a classical School; together with those that might be expected in a Seminary (hitherto a desideratum among our Initiatory Institutions) for the practical completion of a manly education: a Vestibule of Probation, between the studious retirement of the Academy, or the College, and the decisive intercourses of Polished, or of Public Life.

FOREIGNERS, also, who are desirous of attaining the idiom and pronunciation of the English Language, and of being rendered familiar with the best models of English Literature, without the forms and restrictions of scholastic discipline, may enjoy, at once, the advantages of instruction, and the pleasures of social and literary intercourse; and Students for the Pulpit, the Senate, or the Bar,—Professors of Liberal Sciences, and candidates for Oratorical Distinction, in any of the eligible departments of popular emulation, may be assisted in the prosecution of their respective studies, and directed in the attainment of the habits and accomplishments most intimately connected with their respective views.

CLERGYMEN.—For the edification of the *Clerical Pupil*, in particular, a copy of the entire Service of the Church of England has been carefully prepared, with an accurate and intelligible notation of the quantities, pauses, tones and emphases, best calculated to produce impressions correspondent with the language and sentiments of that sublime composition.

BARRISTERS.—Gentlemen designed for the *profession of the Law* (which was formerly intended to have been the profession of Mr. Thelwall himself); and those who aspire, or are destined to the rank of Senators, it is presumed, will find particular advantages in this Institution:—from the opportunities it affords, and the plans that are dictated, for a liberal course of preparatory study, and for the acquisition or improvement of those habits of impressive and graceful oratory, which lay the foundations, or complete the superstructure of professional, or of parliamentary erudition; and which, tho best to be attained as preliminaries to those studies which are more strictly technical or official, may be either pursued in conjunction with the ordinary attentions to professional preparation, or superadded as final qualifications for the commencement of the meditated career.

MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.—With respect to such young Noblemen or Gentlemen, as are either in Parliament, or in expectation of so being,—it will be evident, from what is said in the ensuing paragraph, and from the outlines of the Courses of Lectures delivered at the Institution, that particular provision is made for their accommodation; and students of this particular class may depend upon every attention that can be instrumental either to the improvement of their oratorical powers, or the direction of their studies, in the pursuit of such particular species of information as may accord with their respective views and principles. At the same time gentlemen of this description, who may wish to be attended privately, either at the Institution, or at their own houses, may rely upon every delicacy of precaution, and all the punctilios of confidence, relative to such communications and circumstances, as may either indispensably or incidentally, arise out of the intercourse requisite for the accomplishment of the specific object.

LIBRARY.—Pupils of the two preceding classes, and the house pupils in general, have the use of *a select and extensive Library*. This collection consists of between three and four thousand volumes, upwards of five hundred of which are in the department of English History, (including the most esteemed collections of State Papers, standard works upon Government, Political economy, and Constitutional Law). The selection is at least equally numerous, in the department of Poetry, Criticism and Polite Literature; besides works on Rhetoric, Logic, Oratory and Elocution; and such as lay in the beaten, and the more untrodden paths of the profession of the Grammarian and Rhetorician; approved editions of the *Greek and Roman Classics:* and Books of Science, Philosophy, Natural History, Ethics, and general erudition; with complete Astronomical Apparatus, &c.

In the department of English Classics,—many portions of these volumes (including the entire works of Milton, the finest

scenes and plays of Shakspeare, and many of the entire poems of Dryden, Pope, Akenside, &c., and several of the most interesting passages and productions of the more elegant of our prose writers,) have been elaborately illustrated, with a notation of the quantities and prosodial qualities of the syllables, for the purpose of initiating the student into a ready and perfect acquaintance with the rhythmus, structure and mechanism of our language; and of demonstrating the nature and perfection of its harmonic proportions, under circumstances of happy arrangement of its elements, and a judicious and unsophisticated mode of utterance. So that, at the same time that the Pupil is improving his elocution, or prosecuting the remedy of any habitual or organic defect, he may be extending his acquaintance with the English language, and with the best models of composition; and cultivating a taste for those innocent and elegant delights which at once refine the conversation and elevate the understanding.

COMPOSITION AND ORATORY.—For the further improvement of the pupils, both in the correctness of *English Composition*, and the fluency of *spontaneous Oratory*, an evening in every week, is appropriated, during the winter season, to the purposes of Historical, Literary and Scientific Discussion; at which time, written Disquisitions are presented, Debates are held, and Orations pronounced by the pupils, on subjects connected with the particular objects of their respective studies and pursuits: and, more particularly, on the antiquities and leading events of English History.

To these Discussions, (at which Mr. Thelwall constantly presides,—to regulate the proceedings, point out the requisite sources of information, and correct, when necessary, the style and manner of the respective speakers) no person can be admitted (except, occasionally, the fathers or immediate guardians of the pupils) who has not been regularly entered as a member of the Institution, either as a domestic or as a private pupil. Gentle-

men of respectability, however, who require no other instruction than these meetings and exercises may be expected to furnish, may be entered as Oratorical Pupils only, on registering their names, descriptions and places of residence, in the Journal of the Society, and conforming to the respective regulations.

This part of the Institution may perhaps, upon consideration be regarded as particularly important to gentlemen who are studying for the Bar: The degradation into which the Societies for *public* discussion have fallen, rendering it no longer consistent with the respectability of such students to exercise their oratorical talents in those popular assemblies; while the private Societies that have been substituted in their place, (whatever advantages they may have in certain respects) being resorted to only by the invited friends of the speakers, who, of course, are bound by partiality or politeness to gratify the self-opinion of their entertainers; and being directed and admonished by no competent authority, have, but too much tendency to encourage the substitution of flippant declamation for logical inquiry, and newspaper politics in the place of philosophical investigation. The manner in which this Society is conducted precludes at least these disadvantages: the subjects investigated being always such as require the accuracy of historical research, and as are connected not with the Party passions of the day, but with the historical antiquities of the country —the facts that form the solid bases of legal and constitutional knowledge; while at the same time, the high point of decorum is insisted upon and preserved to the full extent in which it would be required before the tribunals of justice, and in the congregations of the senate. But for further particulars upon this head, the reader is referred to the Appendix to the Letter to Mr. Cline.

LECTURES.—Two or three evening Courses of *Public Lectures* are also generally delivered at the Institution, in the course of every season,—on the Science and Practice of Elocu-

tion; on the Philosophy of English History; on the Genius and Rhythmus of the English Language; the Study of the English Classics, &c.—The publicity of these is principally designed for the purpose of more animating example to the regular pupils: and to increase the opportunities of innocent and profitable recreation, within the walls of the Establishment: for which purpose, also, several other of the arrangements are equally calculated. The severer studies are, likewise, occasionally relieved, by private Lectures to the pupils and select classes, on various interesting topics of elegant and useful literature. Lectures on Astronomy, and on several branches of Natural Philosophy will, also, hereafter, be delivered to the pupils, by Mr. Thelwall, junior.

DISCIPLINE. With respect to the discipline of the Institution, it must, of necessity, be different with reference to the different classes and ages of the pupils. Those who are of maturer years, or who *place themselves* under the care of the professor, can, of course, be governed only thro' the medium of their discretion, and their conviction—that merely paying their fees, and becoming *nominal* inmates of the Establishment, will not secure the meditated object. Upon them, therefore, no other restrictions can be placed, than such as are necessary for the moral order of the family, and for preventing interruption to the regular studies of the other pupils. With respect to the other classes in general, (tho the strictest attention is paid to all that is connected with the acquisition of knowledge, and the habits of application) the regulations are, altogether, of a liberal description: such as can only be practically adopted in a select seminary; and are calculated to foster the generous feeling, the high spirit, and the nice sense of honour, that give dignity to the character of the gentleman. The pupils constitute, in all particulars of treatment and attention, a part of the family of their instructors; Mr. and Mrs. Thelwall are their constant companions; and consider them, in all respects, (according to their

respective ages,) as entitled to the same attentions, encouragements and indulgences as their own children. The sense of honour and generous emulation, and the constant example of studious application, in every member of the family, are the principal means made use of to enforce the necessary precepts of the instructor; and, in the education of a large family of their own, and of a succession of pupils intrusted to their care, neither Mr. nor Mrs. T. (in one case of unparalleled refractoriness alone excepted,) have ever yet found it necessary to inflict the chastisement of a blow. Yet they flatter themselves that those who have had opportunities of forming a judgment on the subject, will be ready to admit that some examples at least they may boast, which, in point of customary attainments, and general knowledge, need not shrink from a comparison with any pupils of similar age, in any Seminary or Institution in this country.

VACATION.—The only Vacation of the Institution, is in the Months of August and September; and, even during that time, Gentlemen may be superintended, as Travelling Pupils, and received into the family of the Professor, at the watering places, &c., visited by him during the respective seasons. Even during the season of Christmas, the regular courses of Instruction are usually relaxed only for a single week: tho Mr. T. reserves to himself the privilege (which he does not, however, in general exercise) of accompanying any pupils, to whom such introduction to the circles of elegant society may be deemed important, for a fortnight to Bath, during that particular season.

Students, therefore, from the Universities and Public Schools, may be accommodated, during the vacations of those seminaries, and instructed in the principles of Oratory, Criticism and English Composition, and in other accomplishments calculated to give dignity to the elevation of rank, and effective influence to learning and superior talent.

After having thus developed the plan of the Institution, it is scarcely necessary to add, that for those persons who wish to avail themselves, in the fullest extent, of the instructions and advantages it offers, the most eligible mode, is, unquestionably, that of domestication: especially in those cases where impediments and ungraceful habits of utterance are to be removed;—or where oratorical accomplishment, or the fluency, grace and correctness of conversational delivery, is the particular object of the Student. In all these cases, much is frequently to be done in the hours of social relaxation, and during the cheerful intercourse of the table, that cannot be fully accomplished by means of stated Lessons, and the ordinary forms of instruction: and, even those, who are precluded, by professional engagements, from attending to the regular studies and exercises of the Institution, may, at such seasons, with the assistance of a few occasional Lessons and explanations, do much towards the removal of every difficulty of utterance, and the cultivation of habits of Oratorical Facility and Impressiveness.

ACCOMMODATIONS. In the Spacious Mansion to which the establishment is now removed, it is presumed, that every requisite accommodation will be found for the convenience of all the different classes of pupils specified: distinct suits of apartments being appropriated for the instruction, &c. of the senior, the junior, and the female Pupils, and separate Tables for the adult and the younger classes; while the extensive walks of the square in front, and a spacious garden and covered Gymnasium behind, offer every advantage of exercise, health, and recreation to all the Members and Students of the Institution.

PRIVATE PUPILS. At the same time, it is not the intention of Mr. Thelwall to confine the advantages of his science and discoveries to those persons, whose connexions and freedom from indispensable occupations, permit them to conform to such

arrangement. Ladies, or Gentlemen may, therefore, be attended, as Private Pupils, at stated hours, either individually, or in classes, at the Institution, or at their own houses; and Families, (and Seminaries of the first respectability only) in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, may be visited at stated periods.

CASES OF AMENTIA, &c.—Besides the several descriptions of pupils who may be received into the Institution, or otherwise regularly attended by Mr. T., there is, also, another description of young persons, in behalf of whom he tenders his advice, and his assistance, in directing the plans for the management of their education, and the remedy of their apparent defects —namely, such as independently of any obvious physical cause, appear to be deficient in the developement of the moral and intellectual faculties: many of whom, from the want of due discrimination, are censurably and unnecessarily abandoned to a mode of treatment, or of neglect, that aggravates and confirms a misfortune, which judicious treatment might redress. For his ideas upon the subject of the distinction between constitutional or organic, and moral and intellectual Idiotism, or derangement, the reader is referred to the Letter to Mr. Cline, already quoted in the present sketch. It is only necessary here to add—that advice, in such cases, may be had,—on the terms specified in the ensuing sheets, under the head of consultations in cases of defective organization; and that occasional visits will be made to any family in which such calamity may happen to exist; and directions given in the progress of the necessary treatment.

No. 57, West Side of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.
Feb. 12th, 1813.

THE

TRIDENT OF ALBION,

&c.

WITH AN ADDRESS

TO THE

SHADE OF NELSON.

How sleep the Brave, who sink to rest
By all their Country's wishes blest!

COLLINS.

THE

TRIDENT OF ALBION,

AN EPIC EFFUSION;

AND AN

ORATION ON THE INFLUENCE

OF

ELOCUTION

ON

MARTIAL ENTHUSIASM;

WITH AN

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE

OF

NELSON:

DELIVERED AT THE

LYCEUM, LIVERPOOL,

ON OCCASION OF THE LATE GLORIOUS NAVAL VICTORY.

To which is prefixed, an Introductory Discourse on the Nature and Objects of Elocutionary Science.

BY JOHN THELWALL,

PROFESSOR OF THE SCIENCE AND PRACTICE OF ELOCUTION.

LIVERPOOL:

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AND SOLD BY R. PHILLIPS, BRIDGE-STREET, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON;

AND BY THE BOOKSELLERS IN LIVERPOOL.

1805.

The Lecturer cannot omit the present opportunity of inscribing his acknowledgments to the President, Vice-President, Committee and Proprietors of the Lyceum; in one of whose apartments his Second Course of Lectures in Liverpool (of which the ensuing pages have constituted a part) is delivered. The attentions of those gentlemen to the interests of Literature and Science, manifested in the liberality with which their room has been repeatedly conceded to the use of public Lecturers, as well as the extent of their growing library, and the Architectural elegance of the Edifice, contribute to render that Institution one of the principal ornaments of a flourishing and spirited town; and will, undoubtedly, endear it to posterity.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THO the poetical portion of this little Pamphlet, appear as the prominent subject in the title page, it is no affectation in the Author to declare---that poetical reputation is not his object, in laying it before the world. Such reputation is not to be expected from a hasty effusion, poured out, almost spontaneously, on the spur of the moment,—amidst the throng of interfering thoughts, which necessarily arise out of the public and private duties of a laborious profession.

The publication arises, as the composition originated, from the echo of the heart to the last injunction of a departed hero.—" England expects that every man should do his duty ;" and the manifestation of his feelings, under the present exigencies, appeared to the Author to be a part of his. To this manifestation, alone, the ensuing pages would have been restricted,---if it had not been apprehended, that the detached appearance of these temporary effusions, might produce an erroneous impression, of the nature and objects of the undertaking, with which they were, accidentally, connected.

The Lectures on the Science and Practice of Elocution (in illustration of which the Poem and Oration were repeatedly delivered——on the

11th, 12th, and 14th of November---the first three nights of the Author's Second Course in Liverpool) have, in reality, nothing to do with the popular occurrences of the day: nor, except in the present instance, has any thing connected with such occurrences, been permitted to mingle with the subject. The thoughts of the Lecturer have, for several years, been flowing in a current, that leaves him neither taste nor leisure for political disquisition; and, not to interfere with the prejudices or opinions of any party, has become one of the settled principles of his conduct.

One feeling, only, that can be regarded as of a political nature, he continues to cherish, in all its vital warmth and activity:——a zeal for the independence of his country---an indignant abhorrence of the idea of a foreign yoke. It was this feeling (under the influence of an enthusiasm, which the events referred to had an irresistable tendency to inspire,) which dictated the ensuing poem,---which suggested the choice of the subject for the opening Oration of his present Course of Lectures, and produced the particular allusions to the glorious exploits and triumphant martyrdom of our great Naval Champion; when arrangements and subjects of a very different description, had already been announced to the public.

It was the same feeling which prompted him to give still greater publicity to his sentiments, at the numerous and respectable meeting of the *Inhabitants of Liverpool*, assembled, by invitation of the Mayor, in their Town Hall:—(an invitation in which, as a resident householder, he, of course, considered himself included:) For tho the mite of his contribution could be worthy of no regard, among the large donations, so

liberally subscribed, for the Monument of our illustrious Admiral, yet he flattered himself—that it might not be unacceptable, as an example of that unanimity which binds every description of Englishmen, with links of adamant, to the cause of their endangered country.

The manner in which his sentiments were received, on that occasion, seemed to justify this supposition: and the public testimony, was still farther confirmed, by the particular acknowledgments of some gentlemen of the highest estimation in the vicinage; and the flattering declaration —that they regarded the public manifestation of those sentiments as calculated to be highly useful.

If, for this opinion, there should be the least foundation,—the Poem and Oration here presented, can require no further apology: for the sentiments they breathe, and those addressed by their author to that respectable and numerous assemblage, are, in principle and essence, the same.

But, that the nature of the general subject (of which these effusions were introduced as temporary illustrations) may be seen in its proper point of view;—that what was, in fact, only an unprecedented deviation, may not be regarded as an essential part of the plan; the probationary Discourse, which preceded the first delivery of these effusions, is prefixed: which, together with the Titles of the ensuing lectures, (to be found at the end of the pamphlet,) will sufficiently evince the objects of the undertaking.

In the candid appreciation of that undertaking, perhaps mankind at large, may be found to have some interest;—since (besides the attractive

accomplishments to which the name of Elocution has been generally confined) the Lecturer professes—to illustrate and apply the principles of a Science, that may give speech to the Dumb, and fluency to the convulsive Stammerer.

If to this, on the present occasion, he may hope to add—that, by an excusable deviation from the general tenour of his plan, he has rendered it, in any respect, conducive to that patriotic enthusiasm and determined unanimity, *without which we cannot stand, and with which we cannot fall*, the reflection will gild the evening of his days, and increase his attachment to those professional pursuits to which he has been long devoted.

Brownlow Hill, Liverpool,
Dec. 4, 1805.

INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE

ON THE

Nature and Objects of Elocutionary Science; and the Studies and Accomplishments connected with the Faculty of Oral Expression.

THE object of the present Course of Lectures, is the improvement of the oral Language of Englishmen,—as contradistinguished from mere graphic composition; and the cultivation of every external grace and accomplishment, with which the delivery of that language should be accompanied; whether in Reading, in Recitation, or in Spontaneous utterance.

In the prosecution of this object, it is by no means my intention to confine myself to the limits of former example, or to tread in the beaten paths of my prede-

cessors. I shall not satisfy myself with a mere compilation from the works of Rhetoricians and Grammarians; or with detailing the ill-digested and incongruous rules of Art, which, it is hazarding little to assert—have more frequently been repeated than understood. I shall, at least, endeavour to go somewhat deeper into the subject; and (although it is my intention to give a popular form, and a popular colouring, to every portion of the enquiry) shall attempt to establish my doctrines upon the settled principles of Science, and demonstrate the essential elements of Elocution as a branch of Natural Philosophy.

In such an undertaking,—however popularly treated, (and, indeed, in the outset of every scientific enquiry) some definitions are indispensable: for, in the laxity of general conversation, many terms become indifferently and indistinctly used; which, in the precision of scientific discussion, must be carefully separated and placed in contradistinction:—the very admission of synonymies being perfectly inconsistent with the progress and comprehension of Scientific Truth.

Nor is this the only point of view, in which the importance of scientific definitions may properly be considered. The knowledge of *words* leads to the knowledge of *things;* and every accurate Definition, neces-

sarily, conveys to the mind some important truths of the science to which it refers.

The Definitions to which it is necessary, in the first instance, to call the attention of the student, are those only that mark the boundaries of signification assignable to three essential terms of discrimination, in the modifications of the faculty of discourse,—*Eloquence*—*Oratory*—and *Elocution*:—terms which Etymological refinement might, perhaps, reduce to one radical meaning, but which the necessities of science have converted into definite representatives of distinct, though relative, ideas.

ELOQUENCE may be defined—*The Art of expressing our thoughts and feelings, with precision, force and elegance; and of heightening the impressions of Reason, by the colourings of imagination.*

It is applicable, therefore, to the whole faculty of verbal discourse; whether oral, or written: It addresses itself, by the pen, to the eye; as well as, by the living Organs, to the ear. Thus—we speak (with admitted accuracy) of an *eloquent Book*, as freely as of an *eloquent Oration;* of the eloquent BUFFON (alluding to his celebrated work upon Natural History;) and of the *eloquent writings*, as well as the *eloquent speeches* of

EDMUND BURKE. The Apostrophe to the Queen of France, is as genuine a piece of eloquence, as if it had been spoken in the House of Commons.

ORATORY, on the contrary, is precise and limited, in its application: and, in this respect, even popular usage is pretty generally correct. It may be defined —*Oral Eloquence; or the Art of communicating, by the immediate action of the vocal and expressive Organs, to popular, or to select assemblies, the dictates of our Reason, or our Will; and the workings of our Passions, our Feelings and our Imaginations.*

Oratory, therefore, includes the idea of Eloquence: for no man can be an Orator who hath not affluence of thought and language. But Eloquence does not necessarily include the idea of Oratory: since a man may be rich in all the stores of Language and of thought, without possessing the advantages of a graceful and impressive delivery. It is, therefore, the name of a more complex idea; and includes, besides the general notion of Eloquence, the practical part of Elocution:—which, as it constitutes the immediate and essential object of these Lectures, must be spoken of more at large.

ELOCUTION may be regarded, either as a Science, or as an Act. In the former signification it may be de-

fined—*The System of Elementary Facts and Principles, by which the Phenomena of Human Utterance are explained, and the Rules for the just delivery of Eloquence are taught;* In the latter—*That happy coincidence of vocal, enunciative and gesticulative expression, by which Oratorical excitement is superadded to the Eloquence of Thought and Language.*

In other words—*Elocution is the Art, or the Act, of so delivering our own thoughts and sentiments, or the thoughts and sentiments of others, as not only to convey to those around us (with precision, force and harmony) the full purport and meaning of the words and sentences in which those thoughts are cloathed; but, also, to excite and impress upon their minds—the feelings, the imaginations and the passions, by which those thoughts are dictated; or with which they should naturally be accompanied.*

Elocution, therefore, (in its more ample and liberal signification) is not confined to the mere exercise of the Organs of Speech. It embraces the whole Theory and Practice of the exterior demonstration of the inward workings of the mind.

In short—Eloquence is the Soul, or animating principle of Discourse; and is dependent on Intellectual Energy, and Intellectual Attainments. Elocution is the embodying Form, or representative power; and

is the result of certain exterior accomplishments, and of the cultivation of the expressive Organs. Oratory is the complicated and vital existence, resulting from the perfect harmony and cooperation of the two.

This vital existence, however, in its full perfection, is one of the choicest rarities of Nature. The high and splendid accomplishments of Oratory (even in the most favoured Ages, and the most favoured Countries) have been attained by few; and many are the Ages, many are the Countries, in which those accomplishments have never once appeared. Generations have succeeded to Generations, and Centuries have rolled after Centuries—during which, the intellectual desert has not exhibited one solitary specimen of the stately growth and flourishing expansion of Oratorical Genius.

The rarity of this occurrence is, undoubtedly, in part, to be accounted for, from the difficulty of the attainment. The Palm of Oratorical perfection is only to be *grasped*—it is, in reality, only to be *desired*—by aspiring souls and intellects of unusual energy. It requires a persevering toil—which few will be disposed to encounter;—a decisive intrepidity of character, and an untameableness of mental ambition, which very—very few can be expected to possess. It re-

quires, also, conspicuous opportunities for the cultivation and display of its essential attributes: Opportunities—to which few can have the fortune to be born; and which fewer still, will have the hardihood efficiently to improve.

But, even the very few, to whom these energies, and these opportunities are dispensed, are, at least, impeded in their pursuit, if not frustrated of their hopes, by the want of sufficient guides in the path of their emulation. In those parts of Oratory, indeed, which relate to the arrangements of thought, and the energies of expressive language, there is no absolute deficiency of existing models; and, certainly, no paucity whatever, of pedantic Rules and Treatises. Cicero and Demosthenes still continue to speak to the *Eye*, in all the eloquence of graphic words; and Quintillian and Blair (like two conspicuous luminaries, in the ancient and modern hemispheres of Oratorical Criticism) illuminate the tracks of *written language*, and may help to inform us—*how Orations should be composed:* (In this part of Oratory, the present—and even the preceding generation, have, accordingly, something to boast:) But for the theory and practice of those impressive exterior demonstrations, with which *the delivery of such Orations* should be accompanied!—to

what systems, or to what models, can the English Student appeal?

In short—*Eloquence* has been cultivated, with considerable diligence; but *Elocution* has been so much neglected—that the very nature of the Science seems to be entirely forgotten:—so much so, indeed, —that the few fragments of antiquity, that have descended to us, upon the subject, are evidently misunderstood, by those who have pretended to comment upon them; and many of our most learned Critics have either ingenuously acknowledged, or unwarily betrayed,—their total inability to comprehend some of those very distinctions most indispensable to the expression and harmony of Oratorical delivery:—Such, for example, as the musical accents, or inflections of the voice in the harmonic scale; the proportions of respondent sounds and cadences, and the essential contradistinctions of *percussion*, *accent* and *quantity*.

Is it wonderful, therefore—that, while we have so many *eloquent speakers*, the character of an *Orator* (if fairly appreciated) is scarcely known among us?

After what has been said, however,—if the sublime accomplishments of Oratory (as they are the *noblest*) were the *only* objects of my Lectures, I could scarcely

look for very extensive patronage. Where few can be the Candidates for attainment, the remunerators of Tuition must, of course, be few. But my subject is not thus confined. The practical application of my principles is extensive—is universal.

If *Oratorical excellence* be an object only to the few; *Elocutionary Accomplishment* is certainly desirable by all. There are few, indeed, to whom it would not be advantageous (at least in point of mental gratification) to be able to read, with expression and harmony, the fine passages of our poets, or the instructive and elegant compositions of our historians and moralists, and our amusive writers:—There is, perhaps, *scarcely an individual* who has not, occasionally, experienced the advantage of delivering what he had to say, with correctness, ease and impressiveness; or (lacking this accomplishment) who has not felt the disadvantages resulting from such defect. Even in the social intercourses of private life, how great are the benefits of this attainment!—How does it multiply the sources of innocent pleasure!—What a zest does it impart to the highest, tho most familiar, of our intellectual gratifications! To the favour of the Fair, it is, perhaps, (of all accomplishments to which, in the gay season of youth and gallantry, we can aspire) the surest pass-

port; and, to the Fair themselves,—it might be recommended, as an additional charm, that extends their influence, and secures their dominion; if its connexion with the sweetest and most essential of Maternal Duties, did not present it to them, in colours of more amiable attraction.

Fortunately for mankind,—this accomplishment, so universally to be desired, needs never to be desired in vain. With those exceptions, only, which result from deafness, or from mental imbecility,—I shall, I think, demonstrate—that (by no greater sacrifice of time and effort, than is usually devoted to less important Sciences, and much more frivolous accomplishments) *correct and impressive Elocution is attainable by all.*

To this apparent Paradox, I am aware, it may be objected—that hitherto, at least, the *Instances of such attainment have been exceedingly rare:*—that few are the Englishmen who *converse* with fluency and impressive grace; and fewer still, who can *read* with tolerable harmony and propriety. Even in our Churches, the sublimest passages lose their impressiveness, from the imperfect manner in which they are delivered; and those very Preachers, who are most accomplished in every other particular, too frequently obscure, by the

wretchedness of their Elocution, the eloquent Discourses they compose.

But the Causes of this, it is not difficult to discover. We trace them, at once, in the almost universal neglect of this important branch of Education. Even of the professed Teachers, in this department, how *few* are the instances—nay, where is the individual—who has properly explored the extent, or the principles of the Science?—The *principles* of the *Science!!!*—Where is the individual, who, in modern times, has suspected—that Science had any thing to do with the subject? It has almost been questioned Whether Elocution were to be considered as an Art? Excellence has been regarded as a mysterious gift of Nature, or of Fortune;—as the original and unsolicited dispensation of a partial Providence; which no education could secure, and which study and application were scarcely necessary to improve. With respect to the constituents of that Excellence, mere Taste and Presentiment have been regarded as the only Arbiters; the very Laws of inflection and proportion have been denied all foundation and existence, in the utterance of modern speech; and pronunciation, tone and melody,—and even the constituent requisite of percussive Accent (upon which the individuality, the cha-

racter and the force of spoken words essentially depend) have been abandoned to the lawless rule of Fashion and Caprice.

To rescue the elements of Elocution from this state of neglect and Chaos—to give form and order to its constituent parts—and to facilitate the general attainment of an accomplishment so generally useful and desirable, it is necessary, in the first instance, to take, at least, a cursory survey of the *extent and nature of the subject.*

ELOCUTION, then, is partly a Science, founded on *ascertainable principles*, and susceptible of *palpable demonstrations;* partly an Art, attainable by *imitative application and observance*, and subject to such Laws as result from comparison of general principles with practical Experience; and partly an object of Taste and Sentiment, dependent on acuteness of Perception, and delicacy and refinement of Feeling.

As a SCIENCE, its foundations are to be sought, —First—in Physiology;—that is to say, in the Anatomical Structure of the Elocutionary Organs, and the Laws of Physical Necessity, by which their actions are regulated and circumscribed:—some knowledge of which seems to be indispensably requisite to the com-

plete developement and exertion of their respective powers; to the supply of accidental and occasional deficiencies; and to the correction of those erroneous and defective modes of utterance, which, originating in negligent or vicious imitation, have ripened into habitual Impediments: Secondly—in Music, the essential Laws and Accidents of which (with only one conspicuous exception) are as applicable to Elocution as to Song:—All fluent and harmonious speech, (even that of the most easy and familiar conversation) as necessarily falling into the rythmical division of *musical bars*, and into the *two generic measures* of common and triple time, as the warblings of the most scientific singer on the Stage; while several of the *impediments* which most seriously obstruct and deform the elocution of injudicious speakers, may be proved to originate in no other cause, than the violation of these musical principles; and the consequent resistance of those physical necessities, which limit the facilities of organic action; and with which the elementary principles of harmonic proportion, so admirably, and so mysteriously conform. In the third place, Elocution hath also a basis in Philology—inasmuch as to the philosophy of the structure and composition of Language, and to the acute researches of the *Etymo-*

logist, many of those disputed questions of pronunciation, quantity and percussive accent, which have hitherto been surrendered to the arbitrary and fluctuating decisions of Fashion, ought, in reality, to be referred.

As an ART, the Laws of Elocution are partly Grammatical,—as arising out of the structure and arrangement of sentences, and the consequent degrees of connection and relationship between the different words and members of discourse;—partly Harmonic,—as connected with the practical regulation of the variations and proportions of harmonic sound;—and partly Mechanical, or Experimental,—as relating to the motions and pösitions of the respective Organs, by which the varieties of vocal and enunciative expression are produced.

As a matter of TASTE, it embraces, of course, the consideration of such peculiar habits, of study, deportment and association, as are favourable to acuteness and delicacy of susceptibility, both in the Intellectual and the Organic system, and give them their peculiar bias and direction. In this point of view—all the finer Arts, and all the more intellectual accomplishments, constitute essential parts of the studies of the *finished Elocutionist.* He should have an *Eye* for the glowing tints and flowing lines of Picture, the

proportions of Architecture and the symmetries of Statuary; an *Ear* for the ravishing delights of Music; a *perception* of the vital graces of look and attitude and motion,—beyond all that the dancing school or the Opera-house can teach him; and a *Soul* tremblingly alive to all the enthusiasm of Poetry, and all the poignancy of Sentiment and Pathos.

But, above all things,—the individual who aspires to the highest distinctions of the Elocutionary Character, should cherish, with fond solicitude, the generous, the tender, and the noble feelings of the heart: for it is with these that he has most especially to deal:—it is these, in all their shades and varieties, that it is the noblest distinction of his art to regulate and to excite; and how shall he successfully impart to others, what he does not himself both comprehend and feel?

Such is the extent and nature of this neglected subject—Such are the requisite studies and accomplishments of the finished Elocutionist:—and such, accordingly, is the course of study to which it is the object of these Lectures to initiate the attentive student.

No precedent, indeed, can be found, in modern times, for the claim of my science to such an ample field of enquiry and illustration: but I appeal to the

example of Classical Antiquity!—I appeal to the practice of those illustrious ages—in which the energies of Elocution are admitted to have been most manifested, and its powers most extensively felt!—I appeal to facts that stand upon record—to the reliques of ancient criticism that yet remain; and which (ill understood in many particulars, as they have obviously been) are yet sufficient to demonstrate—that Elocution, among the ancients, was regarded as a musical Science; and that its cultivation was associated with all the arts, and all the accomplishments, that gave dignity to life, and were connected with the privileges of a liberal education!

In the *Treatment* of this extensive and interesting subject, it is not my intention to overlook those ample sources of amusement, which, on every hand, it so abundantly presents. It will be my constant aim—to make Delight the handmaid of Science, and useful Information a vehicle of Recreation and Pleasure. For this purpose, Variety is as indispensable as Unity; and if, now and then, the excursive flights of Imagination should be indulged, or the pursuit of interesting illustration should deviate into miscellaneous digression, the candid critic will remember—that it is

not to Men of Science alone, that my Lectures are addressed; and that my science itself must languish in neglect, if I fail of popular attraction.

To enlarge, therefore, as much as possible, the sphere of attractive Variety, each Lecture will, generally, be divided into three distinct Parts.

I. Of these, the priority will generally be given to the Didactic Discourse; or treatise on the Elements of Science, and the Rules of Art.

II. The second place will, usually, be occupied by Illustrations—either of the General Principles of Elocutionary Taste, or of the Specific Rules of the preceding Discourse; and the Readings and Recitations, introduced for this purpose, will be, still further, diversified—by Strictures, Literary and Critical, on Style and Composition, and on the Genius and peculiar excellences of the respective Authors.

III. To these will be added,—some specimen of spontaneous Elocution:—that is to say—of that species of eloquence, of which the general Outline, only, is prepared, and the language and embellishments are trusted to the feelings of the moment. The Oratorical and Critical Dissertations, destined to occupy this portion of the Lectures, will be devoted to such Miscellaneous Parts of the Subject, as do not require the

precision of Scientific arrangement; or to such topics of a moral, historical, or a critical description, as may tend to exemplify the importance of the Subject, and to rouse a generous emulation.

I. The Didactic Discourses will, necessarily, commence with the Physiological Portions of the Science. In the first instance, I shall endeavour to explain—the structure and offices of two efficiently distinct classes of Organs, upon which the Functions of Speech depend:—that is to say (1) the Vocal Organs,—or those portions of the Organic system employed by the human (or other animated) being, in the production and variation of tunable sounds; and (2) the Enunciative Organs,—which, in the complication and perfection of their structure, are peculiar to Man,—and are employed in superadding to the Sounds of Voice the elementary characteristics of verbal expression. The Laws of Physical Necessity, under which the functions of these respective Organs are performed, will, in the next place, briefly be investigated; and the mode of operation by which volition accommodates itself to the restrictions inevitably imposed: an investigation which will necessarily lead me into that curious, and hitherto unfathomable, question—The cause of the exclusive satisfaction received, by the human ear, from

sounds that follow each other in certain definite and simple proportions :—that is to say, by a succession of cadences, in Common, or in Triple Time? From Science and theory, we then advance to practice ; and the Physiological portion of these Discourses, terminates with an ample exposition of the Causes and Cure of the various Impediments of Speech ; whether originating in Organic Defects, or consisting, only, in the Inveteracy of Erroneous Habit.

These difficulties removed, and the requisite principles established,—I proceed to the Education and Management of the Organs of Speech;—the expressive powers of Voice and Enunciation; the laws of Inflection, Proportion and Harmony; and the Graces and Accomplishments, by which the delivery of Speech (whether original or imitative) should naturally be accompanied; and by which its influence may be rendered more prompt and efficacious, on the senses, the imagination and the heart.

Among these,—Physiognomical Expression, or the play and sympathy of the features, and the language of Gesticulation, must not be overlooked: for, as Mr. Sheridan has observed, it is a palpable " delusion," to suppose—" that by the help of words, alone, we can " communicate all that passes in the mind of Man—

" The Passions and the Fancy have a language of " their own, utterly independent of words, by which " only their exertions can be manifested and commu- " nicated." *Lect. on Eloc.* p. xii. 8vo. edit.

This language, it is my intention at once to vindicate and to explain; and to this Language I shall not scruple, in my own particular practice, to appeal,—whenever the animation of the Subject, the impulse of emotion, or the descriptive eloquence of the language, seems either to dictate or require such accompaniment.

In so doing, I am perfectly aware of the Prejudice I have to encounter. The Dulness and Indolence of modern Elocutionists, having conspired, with other causes, hereafter to be explained, to reduce almost all public speaking, but that of the stage, to one sympathetic monotony of tone and look and attitude,—the superstition of criticism (mistaking sanction for propriety, and established usage for the law of nature) has raised a sort of hue and cry, against all expression of attitude and feature; as if these were mere Theatrical affectations, and meretricious artifices, that ought to be confined to the mummeries for which they are supposed to have been invented.

To this objection it ought to be sufficient answer, simply to enquire—Whether, upon the stage, the

practices alluded to, when judiciously applied, advance the genuine objects of Elocution?—whether they rouse, and agitate and impress? If so—even if they were inventions of Theatrical Art, the Orator would be called upon to appeal to them:—for what is Oratory, if it produce not these effects?

But tone and look and gesture, are so far from being Theatrical inventions, that they are essential parts of the original language of Nature; and, perhaps, have been exhibited in their highest perfection, in ages and nations so little removed from original simplicity, that neither Theatres nor Dramatic representations have been known among them. And still does the voice of Nature cry within us, to give latitude to this artless language. Still, when really actuated by any strong and genuine emotion, the tone becomes affected; the physiognomy assumes a sympathetic expression; and, bursting through the boundaries of fashion, and the chains of unnatural torpor, each limb and muscle struggles with inspiring passion; and, with efforts, rude and imperfect (because untutored and unaccustomed,) endeavours to enforce upon the eye, what the words of the Orator are labouring to communicate to the ear. It is true, indeed, that these vehement bursts of action, are, often, sufficiently ludicrous: the

very maxims of education that prohibit their cultivation, rendering them, when unavoidable, both ungracious and extravagant. That action may, at once, be temperate, graceful and expressive, it is necessary that it should be attentively cultivated: for, although to move be the universal impulse of animated nature, grace and facility are attributes of cultivation and practice.

These reflections are, indeed, so obvious,—and the inducements to gesticulative expression are so cogent, that nothing but the practice of shutting up our public Orators in little boxes, or burying them in a hole, chin deep, amidst a press of auditors and competitors, can account for the entire neglect of this part of our elocutionary education, and the ungraceful inanity that pervades our public speaking.

If these observations are not sufficient to justify the animated system of elocution, which the Ancients universally practiced, and which it is one of the objects of these Lectures to revive,—I might appeal, for confirmation, to the universal analogies of nature;—to all animate, and even inanimate existence;—to the very phenomena of the Seasons, and the operations of the physical universe:—I might refer to "each gentle, "and each dreadful scene;" and might boldly ask—

Whether universal Nature, in its most tremendous, and its most delightful workings, does not proceed by general sympathies?—Whether any thing, but impotent and ill-directed Art, ever attempts to operate by the separate impulses of incoherent parts?

When Thunder roars, does not the Lightning flash?—When Volcanoes pour forth their destroying fires, and surrounding realms are deluged in the flaming torrent; does not subterranean thunder growl beneath?—shakes not the earth in terrible convulsion?—heaves not the ocean its threatening billows to the sky?—and stoop not the sulphurous clouds, in correspondent fury,—deepening the general horror?

Change the prospect. Take some sweet summer's evening—some luxuriant scene, where the nightingale yet builds her nest. The twilight fades. The moon, in silver majesty, climbs up the azure vault of heaven. How tranquil! how serene! how soothing! How still the air!—how soft! Its whispers are scarcely heard amidst the foliage of the aspine; whose motions would not be perceived, but for the scintillation of the reflected beam. Where are the sympathies of nature now?—or, rather, Where are they not? Glides not the stream in gentler murmurs? Do not the fields repose?—the Woodlands cease to wave their leafy

heads? Yes; all is still:—valley and hill and grove, and all their countless tenants:——save only one—the sweetly-plaintive Philomel!—she tunes the song of sadest ecstasy:—the only song that could sympathize with such a scene.

What are your own sensations at this instant? Are they not all in sweet abstraction? Is not the breath almost suspended?—the voice melted to a whisper? Are not the softened pulse and the consenting heart attuned to sympathetic harmony? Have they not caught the contagion of the scene?

And such is Elocution.—It hath its thunders! it must have its lightnings too: it hath its explosions; it must have its war of sympathizing elements. It hath, also, its gentler moods. It would melt to pity; it would soothe with tenderness; it would inspire with gaiety; it would warm to admiration, and to love. To produce these effects, language alone is not sufficient: nature's epitome, like nature's self, must sympathize through every element: motion and look and attitude must manifest the inspiration of genuine feeling; and every portion of the frame must be vital with expressive eloquence.

THE

TRIDENT OF ALBION:

AN

EPIC EFFUSION;

Sacred to the Glorious Cause of National Independence.

"ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY."

THE

TRIDENT OF ALBION.

WHO first—who last thy Naval Thunder roll'd,
And drove thy Water-Chariot o'er the deep
Triumphant? trident-sceptred Albion, say—
Glory of Ocean's race! Unfold to view
The Pictur'd records of that dauntless worth,
Which, in full Panoply of glory, guards
Thy Sea-girt Strength;—secure amidst the storm,
Or o'er the storm exulting:—from that day
When first thy Fasces, o'er the Ocean borne,
Controll'd the wayward Fates, even to the time
When (as with Omnipresent Valour) flew
From Pole to Pole—from Orient to the West,
Thy aweful Nelson; still, where Danger lower'd,

For ever found: where Nilus swells his floods,—
Where Transatlantic Islands, menac'd, call
His guardian arm; or proud Trafalgar's Cape
Embays the hostile squadrons: Victor still!—
In Science, as in Valour, uncompar'd,
And all-pervading—all-controlling mind.

Unfold!—unfold the Roll of Ages!—Let
The swelling scenes, in all their pomp array'd,
Beam on my favour'd sight.
And, lo! it spreads!—
In tints of living light, that ne'er shall fade,
The pictur'd story glows. Distinct and clear,
Time-honour'd Triumphs, and the honour'd dead,
In long procession, march; while, o'er the waves,
Sounds the loud Conch, and Pole to distant Pole
Reverberates thy fame.
CARAUSIUS first
(His Celtic limbs in Roman arms array'd,
And Cerule Robe Imperial) from thy hand
Receives the Trident, by his valour won,
When first his Britons to the war he led,—
The Ocean-War; and, in the glorious cause
Of British Independence, bade his Keels
Break thro the chains, by foreign Tyrants drawn

Round thy indignant shores.
Next, shrin'd in light,
In constellated glories clad, divine!
Britain's best boast, immortal ALFRED! comes;
His country's truest Father! at whose name
What knee not bows?—what head is not inclin'd
In patriot adoration?
Ah! what woes,
Albion, were thine, when first his saviour hand
Collects thy trampled ensigns. O'er the Realm,
Palsied with panic horror, and abas'd
In servile shackles,—prowls thĕ inebriate Dane,
Breathing annihilation: while, upborn
On ominous pinion, with blood-dropping beak,
O'er many a City sack'd, and waste Champaign,
The Raven screams; and, midst her Song of Death,
Rapine and Rape, Pollution, and the Scourge
Of reckless Tyranny—(attendants sure
Of Foreign Subjugation) stalk at large.
The shrieks of Virgins, and the Matron's howl
O'er quarter'd Innocents, and Cradles, stain'd
With unresisted slaughters, pierce his soul,
Awhile in vain deploring.
But, ere long,
Awful he rises,—in tremendous power

Of Arm and Mind, and strength of Patriot Worth,
Invincible; while,—with a voice, might wake
The soul of Valour from the mouldering tombs
Of time-envelop'd Ancestry, he calls
His bands compatriot: his compatriot bands
Hear the glad voice—that, thro each fainting breast,
Kindles reviving energy. At once,
Bursting its bonds, in giant force renew'd,
Stalks forth the Martial Realm; Briarëus like,
Lifting the multitudinous arm, to quell
Invading Arrogance.
The Dane is crush'd:
Oppression prowls no more. The Peaceful Arts
Lift up their heads and smile;—smile to behold
The Virgin, in her own pure thoughts secure,
Stray thro the sylvan haunts; the Mother, clasp
The Babe, untrembling, to her foodfull breast,
And Peace with Freedom reign.
But, these to guard,
Behold, the Patriot Monarch, to thy hand,
Resuscitated Albion, gives again
The Trident-Sceptre; and, from every Port,
Harbour and Bay of thy indented Shore,
His Navy rides, trium'phing.

Can the tongue
Of varied Eloquence find words to tell
The long succeeding glories? Can the hand
Of chissell'd Artist bid the marble breathe
In adequate proportions, till, emboss'd
In living Portraiture, the long—long line
Of Naval Worthies rise? Our RALEIGHS—who
With intellectual energy, inform'd
The Martial mass; beaming, o'er Valour's breast,
The illumin'd warmth of Science!—our brave BLAKES,
Who first, with floating bulwarks, overaw'd
Embattled Promontŏries; whose mural strength
(Till then invulnĕrable to naval war)
Shrunk in their fix'd foundations; while the Sea,
With borrow'd thunders and wide-wasting fires,
Menac'd the shores, and the deep-rooted pride
Of Terrene Empire shook.
Let Columns rise—
Let proud Pantheons spread their storied walls,
And give some Gleanings, to the popular gaze,
Of that full Harvest the Historic Muse
Upstores in faithful record; but the hand
Of Art sinks powerless—and thĕ o'erwearied Voice
Falters, exhausted, o'er the copious theme.

Yet can my Tongue forego thy patriot praise,
Immortal DRAKE? Can the big heart, that heaves
With proud impatience, at the galling thought
Of foreign domination, e'er resign
The grateful theme?
Lo! from those cells, abhor'd,
Where Papal Superstition, midst the groans
Of tortur'd victims, mutters o'er her spells,
Blasting the germs of Reason,—issues forth
The fierce Inquisitor. Him Philip hails,—
Him and his councils; and, with Bigot Pride,
Prepares the vast Armada. O'er the Sea
It spreads—a floating Nation; and foredooms
Thĕ approaching fall of Albion. Racks and Chains
And ignominious Fetters, ballast deep
Each threatening bark, scarce buoyant with the freight
Of meditated Vengeance!
But, behold!—
Albion, again, the Naval Sceptre shakes,
And speaks in all his Thunders!
Where are now
The hopes of Foreign Spoilers? Racks and Chains
And Warlike preparations, and proud Fleets,
Misnam'd Invincible,—or deep-ingulph'd,
In Air exploded, or o'er Ocean strew'd,

Proclaim the Tyrant's folly; while brave Drake
Hauls, in proud triumph, up the shouting Thames,
Iberia's shatter'd relicks:—all that scap'd
Thĕ ăvenging tempest, and thy whelming wrath,
Pride of the fostering Ocean!
Humbled thence,
The Bigot Power resigns her threatening port
Imperious; nor, resurgent from the shock,
The martial brow, even yet, again has rear'd
In wonted Majesty. Nor she alone;—
All Nations, by the dread example taught,
Have shunn'd thy vengeful shores.
But, see!—the Gaul,
Inebriate with success,—and, by the pride
Of wide-extended frontier, urg'd to grasp
At Universal Sovereignty,—defies
All Elements, and all Examples taught
Of over-weening Arrogance, and cries—
" Empire is mine, alone!—All Nations else
" Shall, as my vassals, at thĕ ŭnquestion'd nod
" Of my Ambition, bend the suppliant neck;
" My Will alone their Law!"
O fickle race,
And abject!—even amidst thy boundless pride,
Most abject! for the lust of spreading sway

All else resigning! and content, thyself,
To bend beneath a Tyrant's yoke, and own
A foreign Master! He, (uncurb'd by Law,
Or Ties of Nature, or what sacred else,
Good Men, or Wise have reverenc'd, tramples down
Vassal alike, or Neighbour; and ensnares,
With perjur'd treaties, or with inroad dark
Of midnight depredation, whom his pride
Marks for Destruction——D'Enghien or Tousaint;—
In mirky forest! or in dungeon's gloom!

Where Albion now—where gasping Europe—where,
But for our NELSON's providential care
And dauntless Valour—where had been your hopes?
For, see—portentous, o'er the Nations, glares
The pestilential Scourge, and breathes around
Dismay and Subjugation. Panic-struck,
The Austrian Eagle, from his powerless grasp,
Lets fall the extinguish'd Thunder. One deep groan
Thrills thro the Continent: and Britain hears,
With sympathising horror. On each brow
Sits dark Dismay, and heart-corroding Care,
And boding Apprehension.
" Shall thy fields,
" Fair Queen of Isles! to the Invader's hoof

" Yield its soft verdure? Shall thy bleating hills
" And fertile vallies witness the fierce strife
" Of doubtful Carnage? and thy beauteous dames
" Shriek in the grasp of foreign Ravishers?—
" Or scape pollution only thro the blood
" Of Husbands and of Brothers, in their sight
" Nobly expiring?"
While such thoughts distract,
Albion, thy Inland Sons—lo! thro the gloom,
Forth from thy darken'd Coasts, indignant flies
The Naval Thunder; and once more averts,
(O'er many a Sea loud pealing) the dread fate
Of else-devoted Europe. On thy Car
Of Sea-borne Triumph, lo! the Veteran Chief,
By thrice twice twenty Victories renown'd,
Controls the Waves. Iberia feels once more,
Leagued with the Gaul, that every league is vain,
When sounds thy warrior Conch; and Gaul, that own'd,
From rescu'd Nilus,—that " o'er Ocean's realm
" Thou reign'st invincible," again bewails
Her impotent presumption.
From her fears
The rescu'd World revives;—the Sea redeems
The Land's disasters; and from Albion's shores
Ascends the Song of Triumph.

See!—sublime,
On his own element resistless still,
The Ocean Monarch rides; and, from the prow,
Gorgeous with recent trophies, calls aloud
His Martial Sons; and bids them "form, intense,
"With horrent front, along the guarded shore,
"The Patriot rampart;—firm and undismay'd;
"Prepar'd to second what his sea-born sons
"So nobly dare;—that (whatsoe'er betide,
"From chance, or covert guile, or treasur'd wrath
"Of unappeased Destinies)—secure
"In conscious unanimity, and strength
"Of Arms prepar'd, and adamantine links
"Of love fraternal,—Britain still may stand,
"Free from the infamy of Foreign Bonds,—
"Tho all should fall beside."
Unanimous,
From rank to rank, thro all her kindling sons,
With deep-breath'd vows of emulation, rings
The shout responsive—"Tho all else should fall,
"Free from the infamy of Foreign Bonds,
"Britain shall still remain!"
But, ah! what gloom
Damps the proud Joy, and o'er thy awful brow
(Victorious Albion!) and fire-darting eye,

Spreads its dark shade?—He falls!—thy Hero falls!
Even in the Arms of Victory, he falls;
And NELSON—is a name!
Mourn, Albion mourn!
Mourn midst thy Triumphs. Let the generous tear,
The heart-heav'd sigh of pious gratitude
Embalm thy Champion; and thy Laurel Wreaths
Mingle with baneful Cypress. He is gone,—
Cause of thy Triumph; in the silent Tomb,
With the Time-honour'd dead, for thee he sleeps.
He whom thrice forty Victories renown,
Victim himself, thy Nelson is no more!

Mourn, Albion mourn! Nor Mersey! thou forget,
—Foremost of Tradeful Rivers, to deplore
Thy best defender;—who, from Sea to Sea,—
From Coast to Coast,—or where Aboukir spreads
Her spacious bay, or where thy Western Isles
Tempt the proud spoiler, or thy freighted Fleets,
Ploughing their homeward course, with fearful keel,
Elude the watchful foe:—More watchful he;
In providential valour, present still:—
Thy shield in every danger.
But, no more
His Saviour arm he spreads: no more upholds

The Fasces of the Main;—to other hands
(Not unremindful of his last behest
And patriot exhortation) now resign'd.

Mourn—Mersey mourn! with every tradeful stream
That to the Ocean Albion's tribute pours,
Join the long Dirge; and, midst your Triumphs, mourn.
He who o'er every Ocean Victor rode,—
Victim himself,—thy Nelson is no more!

ORATION,

ON THE

INFLUENCE

OF

Animated Elocution

IN AWAKENING

MARTIAL ENTHUSIASM:

WITH THE

EULOGIES

OF

Epaminondas and Alfred,

AND AN

APOSTROPHE

TO THE

HEROIC SHADE

OF

NELSON.

ORATION,

&c.

ON the subject of the present disquisition, it could scarcely have been necessary to address an ancient audience. The most venerated nations of antiquity, were sufficiently impressed with the importance of Elocutionary Accomplishment, and its influence upon every thing that is connected with the Intellect, the Glory and the Power of States. Every part of their history,—every record of their habits, their customs and their institutions, evinces their attention to the cultivation of this Science.

Among the Grecian States, every thing may be said to have been Elocutionary. Poems and Histories were written—not only that they might become the amusements of the studious and retired, but that the strains of instruct ion, of sentiment and pathos, might

be conveyed, in their proper tones, to congregated auditors; and the rich melody of a finely cultivated rythmus, might be rendered obvious to the popular ear. The speculations of the Philosopher, and the sublime institutions of the Moralist, were not consecrated to the silent gaze of the unsocialized recluse; but were poured, in strains of vital eloquence, from the bosom of the Tutor, amidst a throng of emulous Pupils,—as they flocked around him, in the Porch, or in the Grove, and imbibed, at once, his wisdom and his animation.—Even Laws themselves, were promulgated,—and the obligations of social concord, and the sacred zeal of patriotism, disseminated—by the assistance of the Elocutionist:—who, partly from necessity, and partly from a conviction of the animating influence of oral instruction, became the organ of all communication between the enlightened and the uninformed.—We hear, with astonishment, in these days of drawling and monotonous inanity,—that the congregated nations of Greece, at their very highest festivals,—even amidst the emulous sports and pageantries of the Olympic Games, could listen, all ear, to the recitation of the entire Works of Homer and of Hesiod;—to the long poem of Empedocles, on the doctrines of Pythagoras; and even to the elaborate

History of Herodotus: which the author himself repeated, amidst the acclamations of the people.

But while the practical accomplishments of this noble Art, were thus applied to every purpose of Education, of Government, and of Delight,—all other Sciences and Accomplishments seem to have been rendered subservient to its cultivation. Even the athletic exercises of the Gymnasium, by improving the elasticity of the frame, and the carriage of the body, administered to the impressive grace and dignity of Oratory; and Music itself,—which (among modern nations) has been little regarded, but as a source of frivolous and licentious amusement,—seems, by the Greeks, to have been universally studied, for its application to the facilities, the grace and the impressiveness of speech; and for the assistance they derived from its theory and principles, in the melioration of their Oratorical language.

Nor was the attention thus paid to Elocutionary cultivation, without its adequate reward. To this may be attributed, in a considerable degree, the phenomena of those constellations of talent, that shed a blaze of glory over the history of the petty states of Greece:—among whom (tho so small must have been the number of their educated classes) it is impossible

to contemplate, without emotions of wonder and delight, the frequent instances of towering energy, and gigantic grasp of mind.

It is, indeed, in this circumstance, of energy of character, (a circumstance which the animation of an elocutionary system of education is so calculated to produce) that the superiority of the ancients so transcendently appears. In the minutiæ of mechanical operation and experimental research, we have left them, indeed, at an immeasurable distance; and our Literati are familiar with many languages more than a Greek would have condescended to study. But the Mind of the modern appears to be dwarfed, by the very process thro which his learning is acquired; and tho our students are so much more numerous, and our scholars may boast of their more extensive erudition,—that comprehensive dignity of soul, and dauntless consistency of original character (which constituted the essence of ancient greatness)—have become comparatively rare.

But while speaking of the energies of Grecian Mind, can the Elocutionist refuse the tribute of his especial homage to the Intellectual Glory of Athens:—of Athens, the region of Orators and Patriots;—of

Historians and Poets; of Statesmen, Philosophers, and Heroes!—of Athens!—that birth place of all existing Mind!—that centre and focus of Elocutionary energy; where its intensity most burned, and whence its brightest emanations diverged: and where the ears of the very populace, seem to have become attuned to a nicety of enunciative and harmonic perception, which the most cultivated among us can scarcely comprehend!

Enchanting Athens! at the very mention of whose name, the heart dilates,—the intellect expands,—and our ideas of the dignity and essence of human nature become, instinctively exalted.—With what delight do we contemplate the trophies and records of thy varied energies!

"Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal songs;
"Thy smiling band of Arts; thy godlike sires
"Of civil wisdom; thy heroic youth,
"Warm from the fields of glory!"

And what was this Athens—so boundless in the Chart of Intellect?—

"Filling so vast a space in Learning's eye!"

Search for her, in another Map. Let the Geographer delineate the magnitude of this unrivalled Sovereign of the World of Mind, and compare her proportions, in the general Portraiture of Nations.

"What little body, with a mighty heart!"

The whole territory of Attica, would scarcely rival, in roods and perches, the individual district of Yorkshire; and for extent, population, and Commerce,—the Town and Port of Liverpool, might be the Athens after which we enquire.

If, from the splendid spectacle of the triumphs of Grecian Mind, we turn our contemplation to the power and aggrandizement of Rome, we shall not, yet, lose sight of the utilities of our science. If (instead of being satisfied with those dull abridgements, that burthen the memory with mere names and dates, and uninstructive catalogues of sieges and battles) we direct our attention to the original historians, who "trace the "fibres of the Roman strength," and render us familiar with the character and habi of the People,—we shall soon perceive, how important an engine was found in Roman Oratory, for the extension of Roman domination.

Romulus manifested its influence over the minds of a rude and incongruous multitude, while he laid the foundations of the infant state; his successors alternately applied it to the security of their dominion, or the civilization of the people; and Julius Cæsar, at

the head of his veteran Legions, was no less indebted to its energies,—whether controlling the mutinous spirit of the fierce engines of his power, extending the limits of a mighty nation, or trampling on its ancient institutions.

An Art thus important to individuals and the State, did not languish, for want of cultivation. Even in those early ages when all other arts were yet in embrio, Elocution seems to have been fondly cherished. While a block of unhewn marble, or of wood, was carried, in their funeral processions, to represent the effigies of departed ancestors, there is sufficient evidence that Oratory flourished in their popular assemblies, and was made an instrument of governance to the people. And during the best days of Roman greatness,—when her Scipios and her Marcelli promoted alike the refinements of intellect and the glory of her arms; so attentive were these enlightened people to the purity and improvement of their national elocution,—that it has even been affirmed—that no person was permitted, in any family of *ingenuous race*, even to fill the humble office of a nurse, who had not proved her qualifications—of speaking the language with grammatical propriety, and pronouncing it with tolerable correctness and harmony.

If such was, indeed, the attention paid by the Romans to Elocutionary accomplishment,—the uses to which they applied it will be admitted (at least by the advocates of military domination) to justify all their solicitude.

By the Oratory of the Magistrates, in their popular assemblies, the ranks of the Legions were filled, with a willing soldiery; and by Oratory, in the Camp and in the field of battle, the Commanders excited the courage of their troops; and breathed, into their bosoms, that irresistable enthusiasm,—which triumphed over all opposition, and made them masters of the destinies of nations.

Thus did the Eloquence of the Forum prepare the Triumphs of the Field: and it is scarcely hyperbolical to declare—that the Thunder of the Rostrum beat down the walls of hostile Cities, and annihilated the Armies of opposing nations.

Nor did the glories of Rome expire but with her elocutionary energy. The system of military harangue, and the discipline it had a tendency to invigorate, seem to have declined together; and when, in the degenerate days of the empire,—(while the barbarians were breaking in upon every hand, and every symptom of debility and disorder, seemed to indicate

approaching dissolution)—even then,—when a temporary gleam of energy and virtue retrieved, for awhile, the lustre and reputation of her arms, and restored the sinking state to a portion of its former grandeur; Elocution had its share of the glory of this achievement.

Under these circumstances, it was, that Claudius, who, in the language of Mr. Gibbon, "obtained and "deserved, the glorious title of Restorer of the Ro- "man World," as the first step of that meditated reform, which was to infuse new vigour into the exhausted realm, and snatch it from impending destruction, revived the ancient practice of haranguing the Soldiery; and, ascending the Rostrum, in the assembled camp, first breathed into that soldiery the desire of renovated order, and the patriotic enthusiasm, which rendered them the scourge of invading foes, and terminated in the triumph of their arms, and the security of their country.

Nor was the influence of Elocution, in the Grecian states, confined to the diffusion of literary talent, and the improvement of the soft arts of peace. The stern profession of arms had equal obligations to the inspirations of Grecian Oratory; and, by the soul-

stirring voice of Eloquence, the little bands of Achaïa, —of Lacedemon, Attica and Thebes, were, alternately rendered invincible; and their renowned Chieftains covered with unfading laurels: while the myriad armies of Persia (among whom a manly elocution was never cherished, and genuine oratory could have no existence,) were consumed, like stubble, in the indignation of their wrath; and the unwieldy state itself, (a Giant without sinews—a Leviathan without fins!) is now only remembered, by the disgraceful defeats it suffered in the unequal conflict.

But this, in reality, is no more than should be expected. The circumstances that are creative of energy of mind, must be decisive in the struggle of nations. For Mind is Man: and the maxim is as applicable to the Camp, as to the Cabinet;—to the shock of Armies, as to the confluence of Popular Assemblies, and the attainments of studious genius.

Yes, *Mind is Man!*—What is this form with which we are invested?—limbs, joints, integuments,—the bones that support—the muscles that move the frame? —Are these the Man?—They are but the perishable and ever-changing garment, with which he is invested. The Mind—the conscious principle they enshrine, is his essence and his identity; and upon the energies

and attributes of this, depend (under whatever circumstances) his efficient distinctions, and his power.

There are some, indeed, who, in all that relates to military affairs, will dispute the application of this principle: who, reducing all tactics to mere mechanic art, would discard from the Camp, as perfectly superfluous, the energies of genius and the cultivation of intellect. "The battalion is a mere machine," say these satyrists, "best guided by mechanical impulse. "—The dread of the halberts, and the cannon planted "in the rear, are the best stimulants to the courage of "rank and file; and Discipline and Dissipation are "the only occupations of a Soldier!"

But let me enquire of these new theorists—whence they have derived their models and their facts?

What to such maxims would have been said, by any of the celebrated heroes of the ancient, or the modern world?—from Cadmus (if historical record could carry us so far) to Frederic the Great, of Prussia? —Had they not mind? Did they not regard the cultivation, and the energies of intellect?

What, in particular, would have been the sentiments of those illustrious warriors, and war-directing statesmen, to whom we have recently referred?—of Pericles? who so long directed the energies of the

Athenian people:—of Philip of Macedon? who laid the foundations of that mighty power, which Alexander afterwards acquired:—of Alexander himself? who rose by intellectual energy; and by dissipation fell:—of Themistocles? who defended Greece against the mighty hosts of Xerxes:—or of the still more glorious Miltiades?—who, with ten thousand brave Athenians, routed upwards of two hundred thousand Persians; and drove the insolent invaders, with terror and devastation in their rear, before the mighty tempest of that valour, which his inspiring eloquence had first excited?

What, finally, would have been the testimony of the Theban Epaminondas? who repelled the invasion of the domineering Spartan;—broke the iron sceptre of that ambitious power; and, restraining it within its proper limits, asserted the menaced liberties of Greece.

Brave and virtuous Epaminondas!—thou prop and glory of the Theban State!—which rose by thy exertions,—which stood only by thy efforts, and in thy fall expired.—Thou,—dauntless patriot!—who, finding thy country in the very reproach of abasement,—the least, in consideration, of the Grecian States;—down-trodden and despised; and threatened with subjugation, by an aspiring power, that grasped at universal

dominion!—from the very calamities of this degradation, produced the splendour and triumph of that country, and lifted it to the supremacy of the Grecian League!—What wouldst thou have said to the maxims that discard the accomplishments of Intellect, and the energies of Elocution, from the pursuits of Martial Glory?

But his biographers have already answered this question:—those biographers—who, proclaiming that Epaminondas was the bravest of the human race, but yet less brave than wise; that he was the wisest of mankind, but was yet less wise than virtuous; have concluded his eulogy, with the emphatic declaration —That his eloquence did more, towards checking the overweening power of Sparta, and preserving the Liberties of Greece, than his Wisdom, his Valour and his Virtue, all combined.

It is true, indeed, that, in the records of modern heroism, the instances of Oratorical accomplishment are not equally conspicuous. But this has not arisen from any conviction, that the energies of intellect are of no importance to the Character of a Great Commander; but, from the unreasonable neglect into which the Science of Elocution has been suffered to fall,

among the nations of modern Europe:—a Science which, tho, in reality, most especially calculated to give energy to every other pursuit of genius and intellect; was yet (from circumstances to be explained in a future Lecture) suffered to remain in the torpor of neglect and barbarism;—even at that very time, when all other sciences were resuscitated and cherished, by the returning illumination of mankind.

Yet, even among modern conquerors,—and, (what is still more glorious!) among those heroes and patriots, who, in modern times, have asserted the independence of their respective countries, against the tyranny of foreign domination; instances may be found—splendid and magnificent instances! in which the energies of Oratory have plumed the crest of Victory:—have inspired the valour which has rendered the arm invincible.

Why should I speak of the eloquence of Mahomet, and the enthusiasm it kindled in his infatuated followers?—why of the Catholic Mussulmen—the Christian Mamalukes of recent times?—With "Ma-"homet, the impostor, and impostors like Mahomet; "with Mirvan the apostate, and apostates like Mir-"van;"—with the deceivers and ravagers of the universe, I would have nothing to do. A more splendid —an irreproachable instance, comes rushing on my

mind. An instance of heroism without oppression; of courage without tyranny;—an instance (if such, indeed, can be enshrined in human essence) of mind without defect, and virtue without a stain. A hero whose power was all beneficence, and all whose dispensations were blessings;—who fought only to vindicate; and conquered, only to benefit—even those whose aggressions had forced him to unsheath the sword. A hero no less in science, in polity and in arts, than in the field of conflict: Great in the council, as in the camp; super-eminent in learning, as in arms!—who, (bursting, at once, thro the night of Gothic Ignorance, and, superior, in all things, to the barbarism of the times,)—shone forth, amidst the general darkness that overshadowed Europe, with a lustre so bright—with a meridian so unclouded, that the record of the phenomenon almost staggers credulity; and all that relates to him, but for a host of concurring testimony, and the evidence of still-existing vestiges, might, reasonably, be set down among the wildest fictions of romance.

Is there an Englishman, for whom it can be necessary to write a name under the portrait, I have thus delineated? Is there an auditor whose heart has not, already, pronounced the name of Alfred?—of Alfred, the author of our most venerated Institu-

tions !—of Alfred, the father of his country's mind!—of Alfred, our redeemer from a foreign yoke ; and the creator of that navy, whose recent triumphs are the particular objects of our present celebration :—that navy, which has long protected, and will still protect, our shores !——Alfred—immortal, all-accomplished Alfred !—" who," in the language of his historians, " when he harangued his army, or endeavoured to " excite the indignation of his nobles, against their " infidel invaders, with the energy and fire of Demos- " thenes, gave weight to his arguments, and rendered " them irresistable !"

Such are my authorities, for the influence of Oratory, in creating Martial Enthusiasm ; and for the consequent importance of Elocutionary energy and accomplishment, to Commanders of Armies, and those who are entrusted with the destinies of nations. Nor should it ever be forgotten—that, tho discipline is indeed much ; Enthusiasm, when superadded to discipline, is much more ; and that, by means of this enthusiasm, the eloquent Scipio (tho remarkably lax in all the minutiæ of discipline) completely vanquished the illustrious Hannibal ;—the most rigid disciplinarian, and, perhaps, the greatest general, of all antiquity.

But of the importance of enthusiasm, in military operation, there is, surely, no remaining doubt. The parade of military array,—the excitements of Music—the doubling drum, the martial trumpet, the ear-piercing fife, the chearful cymbal;—the banners, trophies, plumes; "Pride, pomp and circumstance of "glorious war;"—are not these, in reality, so many expedients for kindling enthusiasm? and so many acknowledgements of its efficacy and its power?

But what music so inspiring as the human voice? What strain so animating as the eloquence of a beloved General, prepared, himself, to brave the very dangers he is exhorting his followers to despise? Tho "the "Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorder," as Milton expresses it, "could raise

"To height of noblest temper heroes old,
"Arming for battle; and, instead of rage,
"Deliberate valour breathe, firm, and unmov'd
"With dread of death, to flight or foul retreat;"

yet, what was the enthusiasm inspired by these, in comparison with the emulation excited by the Songs and Poems of Tyrtæus?—who (with no other military accomplishment, it should seem, than his elocutionary energy) redeemed the desperate affairs of Lacedemon;

and turned, so completely, the torrent of success, in the famous Messinian war.

Nor, among the means which Elocution has employed for the diffusion of Martial Enthusiasm, must we forget to enumerate the Funeral Orations of the Greeks:—which, while they embalmed the memory of the dead, kindled the emulation of the living; and occasioned valour, like another phœnix, to rise, in perpetual renovation, from its own funeral pyre.

For such Martial Eulogies, has Britain had no fit occasions—Might not the virtuous Abercrombie have been so deplored? Might not the memory of the gallant Nelson be so embalmed?——Nelson! whose enthusiastic valour has, at once, preserved his country, and added a prouder pinnacle to the towering fabric of its fame!

But how shall one, unskilled in the phrase and operations of nautical warfare, do justice to this copious theme?—How shall he trace the dawn and progress of that valour, which, with such unrivalled splendour, manifested itself thro all the various circumstances of a hundred and thirty victories; till it sunk, at last, with a brilliancy so ineffable, as to eclipse, by its evening rays, the remembrance of its meridian glories?

What grasp of mind can comprehend——what power of language can do justice, to the invincible spirit—the fertility of invention and resource, under every circumstance of difficulty and danger, displayed by this great commander?—to that rapidity of conception—that promptitude of thought, which perceived the bearings of every exigency; and devised and adopted, on the instant, the plans of attack, manœuvre and operation, which the circumstances, however unexpected, might require?—to that collected boldness and impetuous hardihood, which realised, in action, every project, which his boundless Science and fertile genius had devised?—and, above all, to that rapidity of evolution, from post to post, from sea to sea, from pole almost to pole,—which seemed, as it were, to control the very elements; and, like the motion and operations of lightning, gave an appearance of omnipresence to his resistless courage?

Eulogy has no metaphor that can do justice to this splendid career; and panegyric itself, must borrow its language from the simple pages of historical record, if it would paint, even in an individual instance, the enterprising activity of his fiery spirit; when, yet in a subordinate situation, in the conflict of doubtful battle, he seized the moment of critical conjuncture;

and, attacking, with his single, smaller vessel, the well-seconded force of a superior foe, he passed, sword in hand, from his own deck, up the towering sides of his enemy; overpowered the desperate resistance of its crew; and then made the mastered vessel, a step, as it were, from which, with equal impetuosity and success, he passed to another, of still superior magnitude, and overwhelmed all opposition with a courage, which appeared to be supernatural.

But this was only a prelude to those splendid achievements, in every part of which he displayed an equal mixture of enthusiasm and presence of mind. To him, wounds, hardships, sufferings, privations and mutilations, presented no obstructions in the career of duty. "Victory, or Westminster Abbey!" —*a glorious life, or an honourable tomb*, seem to have been regarded, almost, as equal blessings; and the loss of limbs, and the abridgement of the powers of exterior sense, appear only to have concentrated the patriotic fire that burned within, and to have increased the valour and comprehension of his soul.

And can we remember, without emotions of gratitude, the benefits which this comprehension and this valour have conferred upon his country?—whose fate it is, perhaps, too much to say *that he has averted*—

(since the danger may yet return;—and since, even in the last extremities, "come what come may," Britons may surely rely on the energies of their united valour!) but whose shores he has, at any rate, for awhile, preserved, from the impending ravages of invasion. And can we,—while we taste (tho but for awhile) the renovated blessing of security, forget—that he, who conferred that blessing, is no more to be a participator of its enjoyments.

Upon such a subject, grief might, assuredly, be eloquent; and the voice of lamentation might be heard in every street.

But no—Heroic Spirit! Not such are the Tears that should embalm thy memory; not such is the mourning with which thy obsequies should be accompanied. Let effeminate sorrow melt over the pale victims of affliction and disease! Let the dirges of lamentation resound over the grave of virgin loveliness, cropped in its vernal bloom: but the Tomb of the Hero, is the Temple of his Triumph; and the Trophies that adorn it, are the Altars on which compatriot youths should offer up their vows of emulation.

Yes! thou heroic spirit! if, yet conscious to the transactions of this fragile world, thou hoverest, with patriotic solicitude, over the country thou hast so

bravely defended——Yes, thou wilt exclaim, " By " other actions acknowledge my services and estimate " my loss, than by tears and lamentations !—by other " offerings consecrate my memory than by the dirges " of desponding sorrow. Proclaim your admiration, " by imitating my example; and, with pen of adamant, " engrave upon your hearts—the language of my " last injunction. Landsmen, as well as seamen, may " yet be summoned to the exertions and the sacrifices " it demands. Even yet, upon your coasts you may " be called upon to repel the invader:—and, if you " should,—keep then in your recollections—*what* " *England expects of every individual;* and write your " remembrances of me with your swords!"

We hear thee, patriotic Spirit!—We receive thy awful admonitions—not into our ears, but into our hearts:—those hearts, from which we breathe, with determined unanimity, the fervent—the inviolable vow, " To assert,—as thou hast asserted, even in " death, the independence of our country; and to " prove, under all extremities, that we are not forget- " ful of the injunctions, or the example, of the Heroic " Martyr of Trafalgar."

FINIS.

Order of succession of an entire Course of Lectures on the Science and Practice of Elocution.

I. Introduction. Nature and Objects of Elocutionary Science.

II. Theory of the origin and propagation of Sounds, and of Vocal Sounds, in particular. Structure and Offices of the Vocal Organs.

III. Structure and Offices of the Enunciative Organs; and Anatomy of the Elementary Sounds of English Speech.

IV. The Laws of physical necessity, which regulate the Actions of the Elocutionary Organs; and the consequent alternation of light and heavy syllables.

V. Extent and limits of Volition, in regulating the actions and reactions of the primary Organ of Voice; and the physical Cause of the exclusive pleasure received by the human Ear from sounds reducible to simple proportions of common and triple Time.

VI. On the Use and Abuse of the Term *Nature;* and the Illusive distinction between the Physical and Acquired Powers of Man; with instances of extraordinary developements and of calamitous extinctions of Organic Faculties—Children rendered Speechless by injudicious management, &c.

VII. Of Natural Impediments; and the Structure and Application of Artificial Organs.

VIII. Causes and Cure of Habitual Impediments.

IX. Causes of the Variety of Human Voices.—Of the cultivation and improvement of the general Tone of the Voice.

X. Of Power or Force of Voice, and the essential difference between force and loudness.

XI. Of Compass and Variety, and the management of the pitch and key; with animadversions on the Pitch-pipe of the Ancients.

XII. Of Modulative Variety, and the characteristic intonations of pathos, &c.

XIII. Distinctness, and its opposite defects.

XIV. Articulation, and its opposite defects; with strictures on the Definitions of Johnson, Sheridan, &c.

XV. Of Implication, Continuous Harmony, &c.

XVI. Application of the physical principle of Pulsation and Remission, and the consequent alternations of heavy and light syllables, as the basis of Elocutionary Harmony.

XVII. Of *Accents*; the mistakes and incongruities of modern Grammarians in the application of this term; demonstrations of musical inflection in the pronunciation of English syllables.

XVIII. Swell and fall of the Voice—Varieties of Strong and Soft, &c. Recapitulation of the constituents of Elocutionary Melody.

XIX. Simple Time; or quick or slow—Syllabic Time, or Quantity —Generic Time, or Cadences of Common and Triple Measure. Laws and Principles of English Prosody.

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XXI. Pauses and dwellings of the Voice; with descriptive definitions of the respective accents of Punctuation.

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XXX. Of the bolder and more impressive excellencies of Oratorical delivery--Decorous Dignity, Discriminative expression, Energy or Force, Emotion and Enthusiasm, &c.

Printed by G. F. Harris, Liverpool.

MR. THELWALL'S ODE

ADDRESSED TO

THE ENERGIES OF BRITAIN

IN BEHALF OF

THE SPANISH PATRIOTS.

First delivered at the Free Mason's Tavern, London, on Saint James's Day—25th July, 1808.

LONDON:
Printed by J. M'Creery, Fleet-Street,
And sold in connexion with the other Publications of the Author,
By Messrs. Arch, Cornhill; and Kent, corner of Kingsgate-street, Holborn.

1808.

*** *This Ode being intended to accompany the Poem and Oration on the Death of Lord Nelson, the pages are numbered accordingly.*

ODE, &c.

I. 1.

THE glowing dreams of hope are fled,
That play'd around the youthful head,
And rous'd the kindling soul
To thoughts of high romantic worth;—
Gave boundless expectation birth,
And bade the fragile sons of earth
Pant for Perfection's Goal.

O! thoughts by genĕrous fervour fed,
That thro the bounding bosom spread,—
Till evĕry selfish passion fled
Before your strong control!—

Nor fled alone:—for, in that hour,
Calm Reason lost her guiding Power,
And sage Experience old.
Thĕ incongruous world is form'd again;
And, instant, from the heated brain,
Starts forth "an Age of Gold!"

I. 2.

" Nature no more in conflict writhes.
" Beat—beat to Ploughshares—beat your Scythes,
" Ye rattling Cars of War !—
" No more Oppression lords around,
" Virtue no more in chains is bound,
" Nor Vice with Glory's laurel crown'd,
" Beneath a partial Star !
" For honest Toil the fruitage grows,
" The harvest bends, the vintage glows,
" And, while the general Pæän flows,
" Astrëa mounts the car !"

Ah ! fond mistake :—for, even there,
Where Fancy (with a Mother's care)
Bent o'er her cradled joy,
A changeling Demon lay enswath'd,
His infant lips in slaughter bath'd ;
Foster'd—but to destroy.

I. 3.

Hence, while thĕ enthusiast heart beat high
O'er her imagin'd progeny,
And in prophetic ecstacy,
Chaunted the jocund strain,

Herculean, from those swathes he broke :—
But not to snap Oppression's yoke,
And bid the World rejoice ;
Not over City, Grove and Plain
To bid the Halcyon Virtues reign,
And Freedom lift her voice.

No: but to bid the ravag'd World,
From evĕry social comfort hurl'd,
Fall prostrate at his Feet ;
To loose, more fierce, the Dogs of War ;
Doubly to scythe the Iron Car,
And urge the Coursers fleet ;
From realm to trampled realm to fly,
With syroch breath and lightning eye,
Blasting whate'er they meet.

II. 1.

From Norway rocks and Lapland snows,
To where Italia's summer glows,
  Wide spreads the prospĕrous crime.
From Lusitania's western bound,
The distant Volga hears the sound,
That claims all Europe's ample bound,—
  Each region, soil and clime.
Nor Asia's ſanes unmenac'd stand,
Nor thine Columbia,—promis'd land!
Where Freedom's noblest work was plann'd
  Mid native scenes sublime.

And see—what crimes of deepest die,—
What deeds of blackest perfidy
  Ambition's course attend!
Tousaint!——thy dungeon:—the dire wood,
By midnight stain'd with D'Enghien's blood;
  And Palm's disastrous end!

II. 2.

And sleeps OMNIPOTENCE supine?
Does his red arm the bolt resign,
  And give Oppression room?
Must the wide world, in abject woe,
Yield its torn Fasces to the foe,—
And one fell domination know
  Of stern tyrannic gloom?
While, curs'd by intellectual dearth,
The feeble Potencies of earth,
Scarce give one dawning hope a birth,
  To mitigate the doom.

But hark: Iberia's genius wakes;
The fetters from her hands she breaks;
  And (fervid as their clime!)
Her martial Sons, too long abas'd,
Their manly limbs in steel have brac'd,
  And helm'd the brow sublime!

II. 3.

Wide let the conquering banner fly,
Children of ancient Chivalry!
Kindle your wonted energy,
Nation of high renown!

Thine—thine is evĕry nation's pray'r;
And evĕry genĕrous heart shall share
The triumphs of thy worth;
Shouting—as, with terrific frown,
Thy wrath resistless, tramples down
The tyrants of the earth.

But chief shall British bosoms beat,
And kindle with a patriot heat,—
In active effort shown.
Yes Britain, yes, my native land!
For dauntless heart and libĕral hand
Among the nations known!—
I see thy mighty arm outspread;—
See thee, in nerve and heart and head,
Make the great cause thy own.

ODES,

TRANSLATIONS, &c.

ADAPTED FOR

RECITATION:

AS EXERCISES

FOR THE

PUPILS OF THE INSTITUTION.

ODE I.

THE NEGRO'S PRAYER.

1.

O Spirit! that rid'st in the whirlwind and storm,
Whose voice in the thunder is fear'd,—
If ever from man, the poor indigent worm,
The prayer of affliction was heard,—
If black man, as white, is the work of thy hand—
(And who could create him but thee?)
Ah give thy command,—
Let it spread thro each land,
That Afric's sad sons shall be free!—

2.

If, erst, when the man-stealer's treacherous guile
Entrap'd me, all thoughtless of wrong,—
From my Nicou's dear love, from the infantile smile
Of my Aboo, to drag me along;—
If then, the wild anguish that pierced thro my heart
Was seen in its horrors by thee,
O ease my long smart,
And thy sanction impart,
That Afric, at last, may be free!—

3.

If while in the slave-ship, with many a groan,
I wept o'er my sufferings in vain;
While hundreds around me, reply'd to my moan,
And the clanking of many a chain;—
If then, thou but deign'st, with a pitying eye,
Thy poor shackled creature to see;
O thy mercy apply
Afric's sorrows to dry,
And bid the poor Negro be free.

4.

If here, as I faint in the vertical sun,
And the scourge goads me on to my toil,—
No hope faintly soothing, when labour is done,
Of one joy my lone heart to beguile;—
If thou view'st me, great Spirit! as one thou hast made,
And my fate as dependent on thee;—
O impart thou thy aid,
That the scourge may be stay'd,
And the black man, at last, may be free.

5.

Thus pray'd the poor Negro; with many a groan,
Whole nations reecho'd the prayer;—
Heaven bent down its ear,—and the fiat is known,
Which Britain, in thunder shall bear.—
Yes hear it, ye Isles of the Westering deep!
The Lords of the Ocean maintain,
No traffic of blood
Shall pollute the green flood,
And freedom, for Afric shall reign.

ODE II.

INTENDED FOR THE

ANNIVERSARY OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY,

1808.

STROPHE.

AMID the savage yell of War
Ambition mounts her iron car,
The reeking sword, the wasteful brand,
Uprear'd in either frantic hand,—
While nations groan, and cities flame;
And wondĕring mortals call it fame!

ANTISTROPHE.

And shall the savage yell of war—
And shall Ambition's iron car,—
The reeking sword—the flaming brand,
Alone the pealing shout command?
Alone the palm of triumph claim?
While deeds of Mercy lose their name?

EPODE.

No, Britain, no!—tho firm of heart,
Prepar'd to act the Patriot's part,
Thy mailed bosom glow;—
Prepar'd, where dangers most abound,
To deal the iron tempest round,
And crush the vauntful foe;—
Tho long, in high heroic strain,
Trafalgar's cape and Maida's plain
Shall every tongue employ;
Yet shall thy bounding heart proclaim,
How dearer—nobler is the fame
To *save* than to *destroy*.

Then stay, awhile, thy vengeful hand,
Unhelm thy threatĕning brow,
While high to heavĕn a grateful band
Prefer the fervid vow;—
The fervid vow for life renew'd,
By Hawes's pious care;—
Pale victims once, by Fate pursu'd,
Or goaded by Despair!

Behold the Sire—the Husband dear,
To kindred bliss restor'd!
The Wife—the babe, whom many a tear
Had else in vain deplor'd.—
The agile Youth—the Maid belov'd—
The Sister, Brother, Friend!—
All, all, (to holy rapture mov'd!)
In grateful chorus blend.—

That grateful chorus, heard on high,
Shall reach the Sapphire throne;
And the wing'd warriors of the sky
Shall make thy cause their own.
Then lift again thy mighty hand!
Advance the dauntless breast!
For Heavĕn's own arm shall guard the land
That Charity has blest.—

ODE III.

TO EDWARD RUSHTON,

OF LIVERPOOL,

On his Restoration to Sight, after a Blindness of upwards of Thirty Years, by a series of Operations performed by Mr. Gibson, of Manchester.

1.

And does again the orient day,
Pour for my friend the visŭal ray,
And gild the vernal scene?
Does Nature, in her Iris vest,
Again dilate his bounding breast,
And wave her robe of green?

2.

Does she, in linear pomp array'd
And varied charm of light and shade,
Her pictur'd world renew?
And joys of long extinguish'd sense,
As from the bursting grave, dispense—
Re-kindling to his view?

3.

How beats my heart in transport high,
How swell the dew-drops of the eye,
The joyful tale to hear!
While eager flies the cordial lay,
To meet thee on the verge of day,
With gratulating tear.

4.

Oh! as the visions round thee roll,
That cheer'd thy once accustom'd soul
In daily pomp array'd,—
Say, if not now, with keener zest,
They glad thy long benighted breast?
Re-merging from the shade!

5.

But chief, what joys thy bosom own,
New born to raptures never known,
While flock thy offspring round!
Oft heard—oft felt—but never seen,
Till now, with beauty's kindling mien,
They in thy presence bound!

6.

How will the strong poetic fire,
That, darkling, o'er the wondĕring lyre
Could guide thy master hand,
Now kindling in a blaze of light,
To bolder raptures urge thy flight,
And with thy joys expand!

7.

Oh friend!—that I the tear might see
That streams, in silent ecstacy,
O'er every form belov'd!
Might hear the murmurs of that tongue,
When first it pours the grateful song,
By cordial rapture mov'd!

8.

But tho forbade the tear to see,
That flows in cordial ecstacy,
Or hear the murmur'd song;
Yet Sympathy's omniscient art
In every feeling bears a part
That warms the circling throng.

9.

The father's joy, the poet's fire,
That soon shall wake thy trembling lyre,
Find, in my conscious breast,
A string in unison compleat,
A throb, that to thy throb shall beat;—
Bliss-full, that thou art blest!

ODE IV.

THE SONG OF ALI,

THE LION OF GOD.

1.

Tell not me of fragrant bowĕrs,
Nectarine dews and genial showĕrs,
Which to those that shelter'd lay,
Mitigate the fervid ray!
Be my shade of rattling spears,
And the shield the warrior rears;
Dew-drops,—from the limbs of might
Wearied in the deathful fight,
And my fields with showĕrs be fed
By my slaughter'd foemen shed!

2.

Love-lorn youths, the myrtle crown,—
Sloth, the bed of eider down,—
Palaces and robes of state,
And prostrate vassals, soothe the great;
Warbling boys and dancing girls,
Bounding light in giddy whirls,
Groves and lawns and cooling springs,
Where the night-bird sweetly sings;—
These, in spacious walls embrac'd,
Charm the voluptŭous sons of taste.

3.

Lovelier, on my helmed brow,
Shall the nodding plumage bow,
Gore-besprinkled;—and my bed,
Be the field with slaughter spread;
Be my palace, be my throne,
Tent, and warrior steed alone;
And for pomp of Tyrian vest,
Gorgĕous mail engird my breast;
Slaughter's train my vassals be,
And their homage, victory!

4.

For your soft lascivious airs,
Bid the trumpet soothe my ears;
And my dance, with armed feet,
Let the blood-smear'd soldier beat;
While, to gild a mighty name,
Groves and ravag'd cities flame!
And for birds of amŏrous lay,
Vultures screaming o'er their prey,
Let me hear and let me see:—
And the world my limit be!

5.

Juice of the forbidden grape,
In goblets of fantastic shape,
Frolick'd o'er with costly art,
Giddy joys to some impart.
Be my drink the foeman's blood,
Streaming warm in copious flood;
And, to satiate more my soul,
Be his skull my spacious bowl:
Fiercely in my rolling eyes,
While the kindling raptures rise.

6.

Yes, be mine the mailed host;
Yes, be mine the victor's boast;
Yes, be mine the dreaded name;
Bath'd in gore the wreath of fame;
Yes, be mine the groan, the tear,
Widow's shriek and maiden's fear.
Full enough my tide of joy,
While I ravage and destroy;
While the nations kiss the rod,
Owning the Lion-Wrath of God.

ODE V.

TO PEACE.

1801.

STROPHE.

She comes. I see the dove-eyed maid!—
O! welcome as the morning star,
When stormy nights, of deepest shade,
Scatter before the radiant car.—
O! welcome as the winnŏwing breeze,
That, when Columbia's cities mourn
The desolating pest, forlorn,
Springs balmy from Atlantic seas.
The Atlantic breeze, from winnŏwing wings,
The renovating virtue flings,
A half-extinguish'd race to save,
Chace the mephitic gloom, and close the satiate grave.

ANTISTROPHE.

Yes, see—she comes!—The storm subsides;
The maddĕning pests of War retire;
The Fiend no more the tempest rides
O'er seas of blood, and realms of fire.
She comes, at whose benign command
Red Murder drops thĕ unwilling knife,
While Vengĕance, from unfinish'd strife,
Reluctant stays thĕ uplifted hand:
Fell Devastation stops, appall'd—
Her powĕr repeal'd—her doom recall'd;
Nor longer, with wide-wasting brand,
The smouldĕring city wraps, or sweeps the ravag'd land.

EPODE.

Yes, dove-ey'd Peace! on Halcyon wing,
Thou com'st, the smiling hours to bring
Of joy and hope serene;
The Social Virtues, in thy train,
Shall bless the harrass'd world again,
And cheer the sylvan scene.

No more shall stream the orphan eye:
The widow's shriek, the virgin's sigh,
With modest pang suppress't,
No more, at War's infuriate yell,
Or shout—that peals a myriad's knell,
Shall rend the feeling breast.

From Labour's baffled hand, no more
Shall nature now withhold her store,
But all her wealth display;
For thou hast breath'd, o'er hill and plain,
Blest powĕr! the renovating strain,
And elements obey.

See, Earth her amplest tribute pours:
The Streams unlock their secret stores,
With latent life impregn'd:
While genial Suns, and tepid Rains,
For future harvests, dress our plains,
And Culture's toil befriend.

Old Ocĕan lifts his brow serene,
And smiles, to view the alter'd scene,
And hold a quiet reign;
Pleas'd that the sanguine stream no more,
Amid the slaughter's deafĕning roar,
Pollutes the cerule plain:

Pleas'd that, thro bending mast and shroud,
The rival winds may pipe aloud
To listĕning shores secure—
" Haste Nations! thro the boundless mart,
" The gifts of all to all impart—
" Haste, evĕry boon procure.

" The canvass spread!—and frozen lands
" Shall see, upon their sterile sands,
" The orient fruitage glow;
" While climes where suns eternal flame,
" By peace assur'd, the tribute claim
" That realms of ice bestow."

Yes—these thy blessings, dove-eyed maid!—
O! that the bliss no more might fade,
But Peace eternal reign!
That Powĕr, for boons of polish'd life,
Might change Ambition's rancŏrous strife:—
The Soldier for the Swain.

ODE VI.

TO BENEVOLENCE.

I. 1.

Tho loudest of the feather'd choir,
Alauda pour the vocal strain—
To heavĕn, with boldest wing, aspire,
And (floating thro the etherĕal plain)
Call up the radiant East, to raise
The choral song of pious praise:

I. 2.

Tho down the Heliconian stream
The stately Swan, in snowy pride,
Warbling (as ancient poets deem)
With more than mortal music, glide—
While all the groves of Pindus join,
And evĕry Muse, the hymn divine:

I. 3.

Yet shall the Stork, whose grateful wing
Aloft the feeble parent bears,
And kindly shares,
And soothes his cares—
What tho no labour'd strain she sing!
Or she, whose fond maternal breast
To all the younglings of her nest
Pours, nutritive, the vital stream,
(Tho ne'er she sail'd, with stately pride,
Down warbling Pindus' sacred tide,
To join the Muses' hallow'd lays,
And heavĕnward waft the song of praise;)
More bask in heavĕn's approving beam.

II. 1.

Then—as in the social sphere
Man a wider range enjoys,
Let his hallow'd zeal appear,
Service true, and heart sincere,
In the blessings it supplies.

II. 2.

Vain the Woodlark's hermit strain,
Musing thro the lone retreat;
All the glowing raptures vain,
Floating thro the liquid plain,
Of high-poiz'd minstrel, warbling sweet;—

II. 3.

Vain alike the hymn, the pray'r;—
Pride's full oft, or Sloth's pretence!
Would you heavĕn's best favour share?
Make its sufferĭng sons your care;
And be your suit—Benevolence.

ODE VII.

Written at Edinburgh (March 1804*) after reading the following Lines in* GRAHAM'S MARY STEWART.

" Look down, and see, in circling flight, yon lark
" Reflected in the bosom of the lake;
" It has a home; it is allow'd to stretch
" Its pinions o'er its young."

I HAVE a nest of callow young:
What nestlings half so sweet as they?
And yet, I pour the joyless song,
And pant and flutter far away.

I have a mate of downy breast,
That throbs to hear the warbled lay;
And yet, I quit the widow'd nest,
To pant and flutter far away.

Oh! gentle mate of anxious breast!
Oh! chirping brood of callow young!
Why must I quit the kindred nest,
And pour, in alien ears, the song?

ODE VIII.

TO THE

ENGLISH LONG-BOW.

Victorious weapon in the fields of Fame!
To which the Briton's sinewy arm applied,
Sped the long shaft with never-failing aim,
And the white wing in hostile crimson dyed!

How oft (when martial glory urg'd the soul)
Our Richards, Henrys, Edwards, prov'd thy force;
Whose race, resistless, to Ambition's goal,
Outwing'd thy glowing arrow's fatal course.

Even now, (as distant scenes, and visions old,
The magic powers of Fancy, pleas'd, renew)
Rank urg'd on rank, victorious, I behold
The gallant bands their scatter'd foes pursue.

Here bold Crusaders, urg'd by holy zeal,
Spread swift destruction thro the impious band.
The string resounds; and gasping myriads feel
The distant vigour of the archer's hand.

See Cœur De Lion, o'er the slaughtĕring field,
Like Mars himself, directs the shafts of fate:
Whole nations shout; the gall'd battalions yield,
And hovĕring Ruin threats the Pagan state.

Full in the van of Conquest's bold career
Britannia thunders, and her sons pursue:
All Europe throngs tumultŭous in their rear,
To share their triumphs, and their labours view.

'Twas thus our bowmen in the days of yore
In Glory's fatal strife unequall'd stood;
O'er Asia's fields their conquĕring banners bore,
While the pale Crescent sunk in seas of blood.

But where, my Muse, on mad Ambition's wing,
Where speeds thy flight? to what distrous clime?
The flattĕring incense of thy praise to fling
On War's fell altar, stain'd with every crime!

What is this Glory, nurs'd in deeds of death?
The scourge, at once, and idol of the world!
Who breathes—and plagues and famine wait her breath:
Who speaks—and round are blasting thunders hurl'd.

Ah! would to heavĕn, that wisdom's awful voice
Might 'mid the clamours of her train be heard!
That Reason's dictates might direct our choice,
And *Truth* and *Virtue* be alone rever'd!

How might the toil—the genius oft employ'd
To ravage realms and thin the human race,
Have made whole deserts smile in useful pride,
And deck'd the barrĕn rock with Culture's grace!

How might that wealth, which War's inhuman trade
Has oft abus'd, to aggravate distress,
Have chac'd the gloom from Misĕry's friendless shade,
And taught Despair the liběral hand to bless.

Yes, Glory, yes—had it thy triumph been
To heal—not wound; to cherish—not destroy;
Thro many a wasted realm, how chang'd a scene
Had met the sage's meditative eye!

Then had we seen,—instead of burning towns,
Of fields laid waste and horrid piles of slain,
And all that History shudders while she owns,—
Fair smiling Peace and Plenty's sylvan reign!

Then as thy chariot roll'd sublime along,—
Nor Orphan's curses, nor the Widow's tears
Should mix, discordant with the shouting throng,
And pour their anguish in thy wounded ears.

Instead of these, to strew thy peaceful way
With flowĕrs and fruits and leaves of holy palm,
The village youth before thy steeds should play,
And love and music breathe the mingled charm?

There too, should Commerce pour her busy train
To hail thee passing;—and each artist band
And all who pant the laurel wreath to gain
Of liberal Science, laud thy high command.

But chief the Muse, sweet soother of my care!
Her grateful voice should lift with fond acclaim;
With honest pride thy splendid triumphs share,
And swell the chorus of thy guiltless fame?

ODE IX.

TO DESPAIR.

SUGGESTED ON A DANGEROUS PRECIPICE.

STROPHE.

O GIANT fiend! whose haggard eye,
Blasting each hope of future joy,
In wildĕring terror restless roves:
Intent, with savage pride, to seize
Whate'er the frantic purpose moves,
Whate'er may Reason's current freeze,
And Resolution's guardian pow'r
Pervert, in Sorrow's languid hour,
(While keen Regret aloof attends)
To fell Destruction's baneful ends!

ANTISTROPHE.

O fell Despair! should e'er my soul
Dejected feel thy dark controul,
May then, as I eccentric stray,
In lonely grief retir'd to mourn,
No yawning chasm cross my way,
No rapid torrent's winding bourn,
No cliff, that o'er the raging main
Projecting lours, and turns the brain
That, forward bent, with ventŭrous gaze,
The foaming surge beneath surveys.

EPODE.

There are who, yielding to affliction's smart,
Cherish each sullen fiend of Fancy's train;
To every scene the darkest hues impart,
And conjure phantoms in the working brain;—
Who, all alive in every throbbing vein
To wild Imagination's lawless power,
The gloomy perturbation scarce restrain,
When lonely Silence rules the darkling hour.
Ah! ne'er may such, while throbs the wildĕring brain,
With devious step, this tottĕring brink attain!

ODE X.

TO FULVIA.

Inscribed upon a Fan that had been long in the Author's possession.—(Sept. 1803.*)*

STROPHE.

FULVIA!—what Time, on troubled pinion sailing,—
Has flitted by,—
Since first this toy (in Fortune's fitful season)
To me consign'd, its asking folds expanded,
And, from the wayward Muse, if so inspiring,
Challeng'd some kind memorial:
Memorial of those feelings, how awaken'd!
And foster'd how!
By many a boon, to Friendship's heart how cordial!
From thee and thine imparted.

ANTISTROPHE.

Fulvĭa!—what change, by Time's rude flight affected,
Has mark'd my lot,—
My wayward lot (by Destinies capricious,
Wove of strange threads) since that precarĭous season,
When, with the popŭlar storm in vain contending,
With winds and billows hostile!
I, sometimes, from the fruitless toil withdrew me,—
To hail (how sweet!)
The social converse of the group fraternal,
That blest thy father's mansion.

EPODE.

Yet, what tho fitful Fortune, ever changing!—
Time's rapid flight,
And tangling web of Destinies capricious,
Tissu'd with woes,
The cordĭal strain averted?—
Think not that memŏry fails thy name to hallow;
Or that the woe-worn Muse, unmindful
Of the calm joys of Friendship's treasur'd season,
Her theme foregoes.

No:—to the group, in social love combining,
Connubĭal and fraternal,
Round thy hearth, matron rever'd!
(Where little lares, sporting,
Enhance the bliss) she tunes a virgin lyre,—
As yet unconscious to the notes, unhallow'd,
Of lighter themes,—and hails the names, commutŭal,
That blend in holy friendship's kindred bond.

ODE XI.

To Dr. PALEY, of Halifax.

(Sept. 1803.)

STROPHE.

Paley!—while bigots, with infatŭate fury,
Science proscribe,—
While fever'd Ignorance, the cup of knowledge,
With senseless howl and hydrophobĭal frenzy,
Spurns from her trembling lips;
Shall not the Muse, with cordĭal rapture hailing
The libĕral few,—
Their names inscribe on adamantine tablet?
And give to fame—to distant fame,—
The independent worth of those, unshrinking,
Who brave the clamŏroŭs storm,—and, all untainted
With party prejudice, or party fears,
Sanction the arts they love?
The arts that gave—
To Greece, her glory; and to Rome, her power.

ANTISTROPHE.

Yes—tho not yet arrive the destin'd season
Of public praise;—
Tho Fame, as yet, from her sonorous trumpet
Withhold the breath, that, thro the nation's echoing,
Proclaims each virtŭous name;—
Yet shall the Muse, in heart-expressive whispers,
To choicer ears,
Convey the strain of genĕrous gratulation:
Yet sow the seed—the living seed,
That, in the soil its wintĕry season slumbĕring,
Shall wait the destin'd hour,—and, late expanding,
Nurture in souls elect, the genĕrous pride
That prompts to virtŭous deeds:
To virtŭous deeds—
That never but from Independence spring!

EPODE.

Among the few to such renown predestin'd,
Permit an humble Muse,
Untrain'd in arts of courtly adulation,
To rank her Paley's name:

Which, on a Sybil's leaf tho here inscribing,—
Shall find, hereafter,
A sharper stylus, and a firmer field:
For not alone the Esculapĭan temple
Thy praise shall echo;—
But Honour's mansion, and the Muses' grove.

This and the preceding Ode may be regarded as Metrical experiments:—attempts to free the English Pindaric from the fetters of Rhyme.

How far commendable or censurable they may be, in this point of view, this is not the proper place to contend:—as exercises in recitation, calculated to train and modulate the voice to the practical rhythmus of our Language, they will, at least, be found useful to those who are initiated in the system they are intended to illustrate.

TWO PASSAGES

FROM THE

FIRST BOOK OF VIRGIL.

THE following fragments were translated to refute a prejudice, most strangely propagated, and superstitiously fostered,—that the English language is inferior, in point of conciseness and energetic compression, to that of ancient Rome. A strict attention has, therefore, been paid to literal exactness. With the single exception of the exclamation

> " Quæ te tam læta tulerunt
> Sæcula? qui tanti talem genuere parentes!"

which is, perhaps, too freely rendered by the single line,

> " Blest age! blest parents! who such virtues bore!"

every thought, it is presumed, will be found faithfully rendered, without abridgment or omission; and yet (the different lengths of the lines in English and Latin heroics duly compared) both the blank-verse, and the rhyme translation, are shorter than the originals; and it may fairly be questioned, whether there is any passage of equal length, in the whole Æneid, that might not, with equal facility, be faithfully rendered with the same advantage of conciseness.

Æn. I. v. 81. *Hæc. ubi dicta, &c.*

This said, into the mountain's echŏing side
He drove the whirring spear; when from the cleft
Wide yawning, (like embattled legions) rush
Scouring the earth in whirlwinds, the fierce blasts
Impetŭous; and, incumbent o'er the sea,
Up-plough its lowest bed! Eurus, at once,
And Notus, and the storm-fomenting rage
Of Africus, the foaming billows vast
Roll to the shore. Loud shriek the mariners.
The cordage cracks. At once, from Trojan eyes,
Day and the heavĕns are snatch'd. Involv'd in clouds,
Black night sits brooding on the sea. The poles
Thunder; and Æther, with fierce-darting fires
Glows frequent. Death on every side appears.

Cold fear bedews Æneas' shudděring limbs.
He groans; and, lifting to the stars his hands,
Suppliant exclaims "Oh! thrice, and more than thrice,
Heavĕn-favour'd they, who, in their parents' sight,
Beneath the lofty walls of Troy, were doom'd
To perish! Wherefore, in the Ilĭan camp,
Tydides! bravest of the Grecian race!

Was I forbidden by thy arm to fall?—
There, where fierce Hector, victim of the lance
Of great Achilles,—and, in kindred dust,
Divine Sarpedon, lies; while Simŏis rolls
Oe'r broken shields and helms, his troubled waves,
And many a hero's bones.'

THE SPEECH OF ÆNEAS ON DISCOVERING HIMSELF TO DIDO.—*B.* I. *v.* 594.

Then to the queen, while all in wonder stood,
Eager he cries—'Snatch'd from the Lybĭan flood,
Lo! whom you seek, Trojan Æneas, here.
"O! thou, alone, who heed'st the suppliant tear
Of toil-exhausted Troy, and deign'st tŏ ăfford
To the sad reliques of the Grecĭan sword
(By land, by sea, with every ill oppress,
Grief-worn and destitute) a home of rest
Within thy walls—thy palace!—thanks to give,
Such as thy noble bounty should receive

Dido! exceeds our power:—the Dardan race,
Thro the vast world wide scatter'd, cannot grace
Thy worth with equal praise! The Gods alone
(If heavĕnly powĕrs make pious deeds their own,—
If they the good revere) and thy own heart,
Conscĭous of worth, can fit rewards impart.
Blest age! blest parents! who such virtues bore!
"Whatever regĭon call me to its shore,—
While confluĕnt rivers to the ocĕan move,
Round swelling mountains while their shadows rove,*
While round the pole the cherish'd stars shall shine,
Thy honour, name and praise shall ne'er decline.

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* *If the object of the version did not restrict me to literal translation, I should have preferred, in place of v. v.* 19, 20,

"While confluĕnt rivers to the ocĕan flow,—
"While towĕring mountains shade the vales below," &c.

THE

HOPE OF ALBION.

Several years ago,—even so early as in the season of my boy-hood, I projected, and laid the plan of an Epic Poem, on the subject of the exile and restoration of Edwin of Northumberland,—the earliest of our Saxon princes celebrated for the establishment of laws, and the effective and impartial administration of justice. After an interval of fourteen or fifteen years, in the depths of solitude and irksome seclusion from all active life, the mind recurred to its former project. After much meditative preparation, the pen was resumed; and, during an almost uninterrupted interval of fifteen or sixteen weeks, the subject was prosecuted with devoted enthusiasm; and four or five thousand verses (constituting the matter of the first six books) were composed, and

in part corrected. Circumstances, the remembrance of which it is not desirable to revive (because dishonourable to those who produced them,) interrupted at that time my further progress. The thread once broken, was not easily to be resumed; and event succeeding to event, partly driving, and partly drawing, me from my retirement, plunged me again (tho in a new character) into the bustle of professional exertion and public intercourse. In the pursuit of an intricate science, and amid the duties of a laborious profession, "The Hope of Albion" became almost entirely banished from my thoughts,—except only, at those moments, "permitted for short intervals and rare," when contemplation indulged itself in expatiating with regret, on a delightful employment, which leisure could not be found to resume.

Whether the remaining books will ever be written; or even the different transcripts of those already composed, be collated for final revision, is now exceedingly doubtful. Some fragments, however, of a work so long meditated, and so likely, therefore, to preserve a faithful record of settled sentiments and permanent feelings, (feelings and sentiments—which, when faithfully recorded, and accurately understood, will not be in danger of being vehement censure!) I am desirous to preserve, in some form that

may give them a degree of permanency and diffusion: and, as there are many portions of that work, which, assuming an oratorical form, seem well adapted to the purposes of recitation, I have thought it not amiss to incorporate some of them with the science, which it is my profession to teach. Something of this kind has, indeed, already, been partially and adventitiously accomplish'd; some small fragments of the poem having been introduced into a former volume of Selections, and the entire second book having been printed in a volume of poems, which, for the sake of variety, has occasionally been us'd as a class-book in my Institution. But now, that I am printing a volume expressly for the purpose of recitation among my pupils, I am not disposed to lose the opportunity of transferring some further specimens from the silence of my port-folio, to the memory of those, whose voices, hereafter, may give them an expression, not less effective, from their having been used as instruments for the improvement of the melodies of elocution, and the energies of oratorical delivery.

It is only necessary further to premise, as an introduction to this extract, that at the entrance of the East Anglian Prince, he finds his friend, (the hero of the poem,) —though not unconscious of the perils that surround

him, rapt in divine and patriotic enthusiasm, tracing with his spear, on the walls of his apartment, an instructive map of his expected and rightful kingdom: a circumstance to which the prefatory lines refer.

BOOK IV.

The Friendship of Reynier, and the Suppression of the Sedition.

WHILE o'er the pictur'd towĕrs, firm monument
Of his predestin'd fame! with fix'd regard,
Musing high thoughts, abstract, the hero hung,
At his so calm deportment, for awhile,
Reynier stands pausing; to amazement chang'd—
Amazement mix'd with awe, his eager haste
And hurry'd apprehension.
But not long
Upon the graphic toil, with wondĕring eye,
Silent he gaz'd; by stronger passion mov'd.
"What strange delusion, fate-devoted friend!"
Exclaims the warm Uffingĭan, "holds thee here
"Infatuate?—Ah! fly, disastrous prince.

" Fly—and for better days preseve a life
" To Reynier dear, and dear to all the good."
The son of Ælla paus'd: but not withdrew
The tracing spear, that, o'er thĕ unfinish'd work
Still lingĕring, speaks the mind to other thoughts
Reluctant. Yet (as, by the well-known voice
Half-rous'd, he turns toward the fervid youth)
His eye full orb'd, beams mild, with look divine.
Ineffable, of Friendship; all unmov'd
By other passion—if not passion call'd
That noble sense of infelt dignity,
That, from superĭor virtue, and the force
Of fate-subduing energy, serene,
Smiles at surrounding dangers: still secure
By god-like effort, ĭn the perĭlous strife,
Greatly to triumph, or more greatly fall.
Not so the youth of Uffa's royal line.
He, deeply sighing, with tear-swimming eye
Beholds his friend, devoted (so he deems)
To unresisted destiny; and, thus,
His hand embracing, with renewed suit,
Urges to flight—" Ah why indiffĕrent thus
" To life—to Friendship? know'st thou not without
" What tumult rages? what vile arts within
" Conspire thy instant fall?—Hark! in that shout

" Ruin comes pealing; while thĕ infatŭate crowd,
" Urg'd on by bosom traitors, fierce, assail
" The tottĕring pallace, and with Adĕlfrid's name
" Batter the gates and turrets! while, within,
" Apostate Egbert, servile Ethelwulph,
" Woolfhere, unshrinking from confronted vice,
" Fierce Beornulph, and close Oswin, and their crew
" Of cringing sophisters, the royal heart
" Mold to their views. The plannets that prevail'd,
" In their abhorr'd conjunctions, at the birth
" Of Adelfrid and Acca, triumph still;
" And Anglia's court no more is Edwin's refuge.
" I, powerless, from my father's heart estrang'd,—
" Cannot protect thee—But I may preserve;
" And will revenge. By all the Gods I will!
" In public council—in the holy Karns
" Of Thor and Woden, if there only met,—
" Even at the Altars!—The vile minĭon crew!
" Polluters of the hospitable board!
" Stains of the race of Uffa!—But, ah! fly
" Disastrous Edwin! from their traitŏrous snares
" Timely preserve thee, and our Albĭon's hope
" Snatch from their murdĕrous rage!
" —Thou know'st the path
" Whose subterranĕous windings to the brink

" Of Yar conduct. There faithful Lilla waits,
" With ready zeal; from Castor's treachĕrous walls,
" As late from Bebba's sea-controuling towĕrs
" And Acca's lifted poniard, to redeem
" Thy sacred life!—"
The Son of Ælla hears:
But hears unanswĕring: save with elŏquent eye,
That flash'd indignant pride;—disguise, or flight,
Alike disdaining. Yet, not so repuls'd,
Reynier desists; but, with heart-heaving sigh,
And deepen'd voice, with conjuration strong,
Urges his suit.
" By all the Gods!—By him—
" The stranger God!—that solitary powĕr
" Thou paint'st in heavĕn lone thunděring, & with whom
" At dawn, or eve, with inward mutter'd prayĕr,
" Thou holdst communĭon awful!—By that God!—"
(Resumes the fervid youth—his eager tongue
Faultĕring with dread mysterĭous)—" by our vows
" Of undissembled friendship!—by the hopes
" Of love and Emma!—I conjure thee, fly."

At name of that dear maid, a deep-drawn sigh
The hero heav'd; his dauntless brow relax'd,
Bow'd pensive; and o'er evĕry feature rush'd

Conflicting passĭons. Yet not long, his heart
Yields he to amŏrous frailty: but, anon,
With front erect, and conscious look compos'd,
Calm o'er himself towĕrs triumphing.
" And where,"
Sternly, he asks, " shall vagrant Edwin fly?—
" In what vile den, forest, or bog obscene
" Next hide his recrĕant head, dishonour'd? No:
" My Reynier, no: I thank thy friendly zeal—
" Thy virtue love, and high heroic pride,
" Worthy the race of Uffa: but no more,
" Chac'd, like a timid levĕret from his lair,
" Shall Edwin fly, bewildĕring; in each breeze
" List'ning the hunter's cry—a trembling thing!
" No: stag-like, rather, here I take my stand,
" My warrĭor antlers trusting. I am tir'd
" With tedĭous chase, and, baited, here, at length,
" I turn upon my foes; resolv'd to brave
" Their utmost daring. Here shall Edwin fall—
" If fall he must—he, or his vile pursuers!"

Thus as he spoke, upon the ground he struck
The martial spear; while, from his kindling eyes,
The fire flash'd awful, and his brow, elate,
Spoke inward confidence. Nor uninspir'd

With kindred passion, glows the cordĭal youth,
Admiring. Yet once more, with soothing speech,
Seeks he to shake his purpose, and persuade
To timely flight; painting what hopes may rise
In future times; and, in the present hour,
What hopeless dangers pressing. " Hopeless more!"
Rejoins the Son of Ælla, " if betray'd
" By dastard fears, desponding; now I fly
" From Red'wald's court—each other tried in vain.
—" True, I am set with dangers—hem'd around
" By hell's black agents. Well I know them—know
" The wily arts, cabals and dark intrigues
" Of bloody Hermanric:—nor less the hate,
" Long festĕring, of the courtier crew, who seize
" With joy thĕ occasion offer'd—doubly sold
" To malice and corruption:—foreign pelf
" Their vaunted loyalty—their boasted zeal
" For Anglĭa's welfare, rapine, and the spoils
" Of groaning multitudes: nor yet unknown
" The royal foible, that too oft perverts
" Virtue to ill; and, while thĕ unstable mind,
" In noblest thoughts luxurĭating, projects
" Love and beneficence, oft lends the hand
" An instrument to deeds his soul abhors—
" By bad men guided will-less. But not less

" Know I his love of justice, and the wish
" Still in his bosom struggling, to preserve
" His faith untainted, and his friendship, vow'd
" At Woden's altar—haply which but needs
" Countĕnance of firm example, to sustain
" In virtuous daring: while the minion crew,
" Now pledg'd to impĭous purpose, failing here,
" Shall lose their influĕnce; thou the rank regain
" Due to thy virtues; and East Anglĭa, purg'd
" From spoil of traitŏrous sycophants, fore-run
" Northumbrĭa's promis'd freedom. Seem I bold?
" O'erweening of the individŭal force
" Of virtŭous resolution?—Cheerily!—
" We'll try, at least, what Energy can do,
" By Justice nerv'd. Nor are we now to learn
" That one can make the many, easier far
" Than many make the one. What hardĭest seems
" Requiring little but the soul that dares
" Adventure foremost: follŏwers rarely lack'd.
" Believe me, friend! that Virtue oftner fails
" Missing example than desire; and Vice
" Thrives in its boldness, only when the good
" Want equal daring."
—"Would it so might prove!"
Replies the cordĭal Youth, his ardent cheek

Flushing with hope unwonted, " and thy words
" With like presumption my reluctant breast
" Seem to inflate, infectious.—Yet the stake
" Is deep, my Edwin! In one perĭlous hour,
" Empire and Love and Glory, Hope and Life!
" Thyself sole pilot!"—
" Grant it all?" rejoins
The Son of Ælla dauntless—" Grant beside—
" The port is dangĕrous; like our Humber's mouth
" When reflŭent flows the Hygre, and East winds
" War with the boistĕrous torrent; or the shores
" Northward of Tyne, where sands and rocky scars
" Threat fearful: yet there is a time, at which
" The o'erwearied mariner, with seas and winds
" Long warring, cheerless, on his lonely plank,
" Scap'd from the distant wreck, at length, may cry
" *Death, or my home!* uncensur'd. On that plank
" I ride, my Reynier; and have duly weigh'd
" My state and prospects; thro the sleepless night
" Deep pondĕring. In the balance I have weigh'd
" Life, and its hopes and perils; and I think
" I know its price: who pays beyond, is dotard!
" If I can honour'd live, and taste the boons
" My heart—my virtue pants for—it is well:
" I only mourn 'tis transient: but no more
" Upon the watry wilderness I float

" A lonely thing, heart-chill'd,—the passive sport
" Of winds and heaving billows, and the prey
" Of fevĕrish apprehension. *Death, or home!*—
" Northumbrĭa freed and Emma's love possess'd,
" Be mine; or I am nothing. Nor unwarm'd
" By that aspiring hope, which oft creates
" What it forebodes, feel I my kindling bosom!
" —Some spirit stirs within me: some still voice,
" Deep-felt, not heard, whispers—that I was born
" For high achievements; not to skulk in woods
" And dens obscure—a nameless vagabond!
" But, in the face of nations to display
" The awful power of Justice; on the heads
" Of blood-stain'd tyrants pour heav'n's vial'd wrath,
" And give a people freedom. By such thoughts
" Warm'd to forgetfulness of present ills,
" Sketch'd I the chart here pictur'd; and enjoy'd,
" While planning blessings for my future realm,
" Such holy visions—such soul-kindling joys
" And infelt raptures, as, in worth, outweigh
" An age of vulgar being; and confirm,
" With more than mortal promise (so I deem)
" My hopes pre-cherish'd. On those hopes I act.
" 'Tis fix'd, my Reynier—fix'd as Albĭon's rocks
" Stand my resolves, which tempests cannot shake.

" I will confront these demons; on themselves,
" Turn their vile arts; and, with the awful glance
" Of unmov'd virtue, blast them. If I thrive,
" Adelfrid totters: to Northumbrĭa strait
" With wide-spread banners, side by side, we haste,
" Heading East Anglĭa's phalanx; and the war
" The Tyrant's threats provok'd, shall haply burst
" Upon his head unlook'd for. If I fail,
" My cares are ended: I shall fall alone.
" Emma, a widow'd virgin, on thy strand
" Sea-chaff'd Reculver, shall my spirit soothe;
" And my poor Country from some other hand
" Must wait its lingĕring freedom."

As he spoke
Deep sobb'd the brave Uffingĭan, and his eye,
Tearful, yet kindling with heroic rage,
Bewray'd the mingled passion: as the sun
Oft, in thĕ unsettled season, when dark clouds
Lour transient, and with intermittent showĕr
Deform the vernal day, with ardent beam
Breaks thro the storm, and, with refracted tints,
Colŏuring the misty air, o'er hill and grove,
Mountain and towĕr, and clear reflecting stream,
Sheds two-fold radĭance. Such the youth appears—
Ardent in grief,—when, in commutŭal grasp,

Seizing the hand heroic—" Godlike youth!
" (For not of mortal essence," he exclaims,
" Appears thy towĕring virtue!)—to thy foes,
" Be, as to me, resistless. Hence, no more,
" With voice of feeble caution, I oppose
" Thy noble daring, but demand my share:—
" For not alone—by friendship's holy name,
" Alone thou shalt not perish. If thou fall'st—
" (As thou hast fill'd me with a strange-born hope
" Thou shalt not) Reynier, by thy vantage side,
" Shall perish with thee, and one common grave
" Attest our faithful friendship!"
" Genĕrous youth!
" Thy ardour warms me with encreasing hope,"
Replies the Son of Ælla, " and I hail
" The happy omen. First then, let us seek
" This headlong multitude—this frenzy'd herd,
" Mad for their own undoing. Thee they love;—
" And loving, revĕrence: on thy martial worth
" Building proud hopes, well-founded. Nor on me,
" Howe'er inflated by the minion crew,
" Turn they heart-rancŏrous. 'Tis delusion all—
" A short-liv'd madness, kindled by some tale
" Of Cambrĭan triumphs, coupled with the name
" Of Adelfrid, by the inventive tongue

" Of crafty Hermanric. I know them well:
" A fickle throng: enflam'd by plausive speech,
" They shout, mouth valiant! threat'ning Earth & Heav'n
" And deify their demagogues.—If then,
" The plot be ripe, and able leaders guide
" Their headlong passions, while thĕ opposing powĕr
" Is weak and wavĕring, who shall bound their rage,
" When once enflam'd to action? Lose the hour,
" You lose them too. Confront them, with firm brow,
" Calm, but decisive, and they shrink—or turn,
" Like the gay pennant, on some gusty day,
" When veers thĕ unstable wind; and oft 'tis found,
" Follow, with giddy plaudit, whom their breath
" Had sentenc'd to destruction. Hence it is
" (Themselves so fickle) who, with dauntless front,
" Stands firm and changeless, awes them as a God!
" —They are but limbs and passions: who would rule
" Must find pervading reason!"—
Thus advis'd,
Reynier, well-pleas'd, assents; and, arm in arm,
With smile superĭor, thro the twilight aisles
And loftĭer hall, they shape their ventŭrous way.

Mean time, by heavĕn commission'd, (tho unseen
By mortal eyes) hovers, on seraph-wing,

Amraphăel, tutelary powĕr, decreed
Tŏ illume the hero's mind; what time, submiss,
The stern-brow'd Angel (from his office nam'd
Mozeroth) his perfected task resign'd
Obedĭent, and to higher powĕrs, for ends
Of highest import, yields the chasten'd prince:
Fit instrument of Judgments pre-ordain'd.
So deem'd the hovĕring Seraph, since unaw'd
By thronging dangers, he, with upright heart,
Stood firm, and the probationary hour
(Test of heroic rectitude!) improv'd
With sage election! prizing perĭlous strife
In Freedom's cause, o'er self-consulting thoughts
And timŏrous safety. Hence, the glorĭous scenes
Open'd in holy vision, as he sketch'd
Thĕ instructive chart soul-cheering! Hence, the voice
Internal, that, with sweet approval, cheer'd
His manly virtue; and the mental eye
Dilating to superĭor thoughts, and things
Conceal'd from mortal vision: save from such
To whom Amraphăel, with permissive hand,
Unrolls the direful volume, where are writ,
In characters of fire, the hidden things
Of Judgment and of Wrath—of Grace decreed,
Or dooms of desolation, that impend

O'er States and Cities—Mysteries sublime!
— Hence too (his course approv'd!) as to the throng
He bent his ventŭrous step, with guardian care
Hover'd the mission'd Seraph (of his charge
Not heedless in the perĭlous hour) and o'er
His form expanding, with ambrosĭal breath,
Diffus'd superĭor splendour—such as seen,
Awakes mysterĭous revĕrence.
Thus inspir'd,
Edwin proceeds elated. His full eye
Beams with majestic ardour, and his brow,
Crown'd with commanding dignity and thought,
Spreads god-like; while, with step sublime, he towĕrs,
Conscious of triumph! and his manly limbs,
Strong and elastic, with Herculĕan fŏrce
Combine Hyperĭon's grace. The cordial youth
Wondĕring beholds, and owns the present God!

Nor less the crowd:—for now the gates unfold,
And, back recoiling, in amazement heap'd,
Justles the popŭlar reflux: as of old,
What time the Midĭan shepherd, with the tribes
Of chosen Isrăel, near the boastful towĕrs
Of Baăl-Zephon, on the sea-chaff'd beach,
Thence call'd Pi-hahi-roth, by Egypt's host

Hard-press'd, advanc'd, with heav'n-directed step,
Frontling the boistĕrous foam;—the boistĕrous foam,
Awe-struck, retires; and, huddling wave on wave,
Upheap'd mysterĭous, to the dauntless chief
Yields unobstructed passage: while before
The tutelary Angel, from the cloud,
Bright flaming, to the land of promise points:
Reward of toils yet pending. So the throng,
To right and left disparting, egress yield
To Ælla's son, and to thĕ Uffingĭan Prince,
His brave compeer belov'd; the while in air
Sublime Amraphăel his impurpled plumes,
Bedropt with gold, spreads radĭant, and reveals
(As erst to Constantine) the ardent Cross,
Circled with wreaths of Victory; and twin'd
(Meet compact!) with the flourĭshing palm, whose blooms,
(Emblem of Peaceful Arts) their silvĕry down
Shed amĭable—first promise of the spring,
And hope of genĭal days! while, over all,
(Sky-tinctur'd, but irradĭated with beams
Emissive, that the embrĭon Genĭus warm—
Kindling high thoughts; and to the sinĕwy arm
Give ten-fold energy,) thy symbol shines,
Transcendant Freedom!—Virtue's fondest wish,
Valour's sole meed, and Albĭon's better crown!

Within whose mystic circle, well defin'd,
Honour resides, and Powĕr, and Truth, and Laws,
And sacred Order ;—vaunted, but not known,
By tyrant Domination.
Warm'd, inspir'd,
Edwin, alone, beholds; with inward vows
Fostĕring the Patrĭot glow, and in his heart
Pondĕring high thoughts: while, as he onward moves,
Thro the admiring multitude, his eye
Beams with heart-winning smiles of Social Love
And Confidence benign. Their alter'd mind
Bursts forth in pealing plaudits; and thy towĕrs,
Icenĭan Castor, with the Hero's name
Ring, echŏing: nor less loud, brave Reynier! thine
Shout they with gratŭlous rapture ; praising oft
Thy genĕrous friendship, and heroic zeal,
Shewn for the God-like stranger.
" Such," they cry,
" In Youth—in Virtue, such the warlike pair,
" Hengist and Horsa, with inspiring voice,
" When from the Rhine and Elb, the Cimbrĭan tribes
" (Angles and Jutes and Saxons,—kindred names !)
" Cheering, they rous'd; and to the fertile vales
" Of sloth-enfeebled Britain, led the way,
" Resistless. So they lov'd, and so they fought,

" With emŭlous strife unenvўing, till the foe,
" With abject terror, to their western wilds
" Fled, hopeless; and their smiling pastures left
" To Woden's conquĕring Sons. They live again:
" Hengist and Horsa, in the Godlike pair
" Again revive; and o'er the Grampĭan hills
" And heights of Morven, with resistless march,
" Shall wave the conquĕring banner."

Thus elate,
Struck with the fond similitude. From mouth
To mouth swift flies the flattĕring fantazy,
Reverberate; as when, from rock to rock,
Awaken'd Echo, at still eve, prolongs
The shout of lonely travĕller,—well pleas'd
With sounds of babbling vacancy to cheer
The darkling way. Abash'd, the demon throng
(Cowĕring on heavy wing) their hidĕous arts
Ply fruitless, and confess superĭor powĕr.

THE SPEECH OF EDWIN,

Appeasing the tumult excited by the Northumbrian Ambassadors, at the Nuptial Banquet.

FROM THE

FIFTH BOOK OF THE HOPE OF ALBION.

Now deafĕning uproar rules:
The hall resounds with taunts and factious shouts,
And female shrieks, unheeded. Heeded less
The royal mandate, and the voice that claims
Plighted allegiance, awe and revĕrence due
To present majesty. Such feeble call
Meribah with her clattĕring wings confounds,
Or with her breath disperses. Vain the hands
Outstretch'd imploring; vain the ermin'd robe
Wav'd, as for pleaded silence, and the sign
Of royal intercession. King nor sire
Attracts obedience. Loyalty is deaf,
And filĭal revĕrence; and the furies reign
O'er all alike infatŭate: all, alike,
Thirsting for civil slaughter. To the side
Of Reynier, with fraternal ardour, rush

Erpwold and Sigebert, with eagle rage,
Tho yet of callow years; and manў ă chief
Burning with loyal zeal, and hate (conceal'd)
Against Northumbrĭa's faction. These confront
Beornulph and Egbert, and their minĭon crew,
And manў ă vassal, turbulent, and proud
Of courtly servitude. In manў ă group
Detach'd and orderless, they foam, distract;
Unsheath the gleaming sax, or, from the walls,
Snatch the suspended lance and bossy shield,
Or brace the hasty helm. The demon sees,
And, with malignant rapture, vulture like,
Screams o'er the promis'd fray.
And now, uncurb'd,
Had maddĕning Havock, and red Slaughter rag'd
Thro the late festive scene; and groans, and wounds,
And writhing Anguish, and convulsive Death
Sung the dread hymeneal: as of old,
Whom fabling bards record, the monstrous brood,
(Sprung from Ixïon, when his baffled rape
Compress'd, in Juno's form, thĕ illusive cloud,
Aveng'd in sulphŭrous Phlegethon) enflam'd
By wine to madness, at the genĭal board,
Slaughter'd the Lapithæ, and from their bows
Dealt winged deaths, resistless: till the arm

Of Theseus, with exterminating ire,
Levell'd the biform'd archers. Such the scene
Had stain'd the walls of Castor: festal robes
Had blush'd with purple slaughter, and the veil
Of beautĕous Bertha, like the Colchĭan bride's
(Ah how unlike in virtue!) had been stain'd
With kindred blood; but that, with mind, untaint
With mad infection, in the genĕral storm
Calm and collected, o'er the raging crowd
Edwin arose; and with a voice that peal'd
Like Heavĕn's own thunder—such a voice as call'd
Order from Chaos, when crude atoms rag'd
In uncreated darkness, check'd their wrath.—

"And whence this madness, whence this brutal rage
" That wars with women, with the unborn babe,
" And latent embrĭons of a future race,
" Whom now the sax endangers? who, perchance,
" When, in the pal-mal havock overset,
" These boards lie prostrate, and these lights extinct,
" Shall share promiscŭous carnage; and the breast
" Of female beauty, that to rapture warms
" Each manly bosom, be the mortal sheath
" Of ruthless poniards—aim'd by frentic hands
" Of human furies, rabid wolves, disguis'd

" In lying lineaments, and semblant brow
" Of manhood, now no more! And what the cause?
" Say, generous Reynier! can thy manly corpse
" Bear wounds and death unshrinking, and thy mind,
" Of feebler texture, with effeminate pangs,
" Writhe at the stab of words?—of words design'd
" To stir thy temper's frailty, and confound
" In murderous uproar the polluted board
" Of hospitable mirth: that while, at large,
" With indiscriminate fury, slaughter stalks
" O'er sex and age, the assassin's arm may reach
" Thy life and mine:—the exile, and his friend!—
" Mine chief, because Northumbria's tyrants know
" While virtue glows in one distinguish'd breast
" Of all Northumbria's sons, their crimes must quake
" For hovering justice. Therefore, to the heap
" Of murder'd patriots—murder'd by the steel
" Of lurking Ossa, and the poisonous drug
" Steep'd in the bowl convivial—murder'd too
" By mock tribunals, and exterior forms
" Of sacred institutions, long destroy'd
" In spirit and essence: empty shews, preserv'd
" To war against the substance!—Hence, to these—
" (Pardon the poignant fury that transports
" My soul to wild digression!)—Hence, to these

" Unbodied patriots, fratricidal rage
" My ghost would add; and, even on the tide
" Of royal carnage, (while the frentic sword
" Of sacrilegious slaughter mows alike
" Nobles and princes and illustrious dames—
" Matrons and virgins!) thro the unsunn'd breast
" Of maiden purity—the teeming womb—
" The bridal bosom!—even thro the breast
" Of scepter'd Birtha—(virtuous more than fair!—
" Fairer than great! tho Albion's sea-girt isle
" Crouch at her feet!) would reach my guiltless life.

" But cease your brutal rage. Behold me here,
" A cheaper purchase. I will spare, at least,
" Half of your guilt. I will not damn ye so—
" Inhuman sister! Edwin shall not lay
" That load of guilt on thy polluted soul
" To answer for such slaughter. Lo, I come.—
" (What need of massacres?)—nor fence, nor foin!—
" Unhelm'd, and weaponless.
" Behold my breast,
" Naked in innocence. No gorget guards,
" Hauberk, or plaited steel, or magic charm—
" (Unless my virtue be that talisman)
" Against fierce Ossa's poniard. I can die:

" But I would die in public: die a death
" Shall prove me worthy of a happĭer fate,
" And evĕn in death would triumph: As I shall,
" If here I perish. Albĭon's unblench'd eye
" Shall mark the deed indignant; Fame shall bear
" To evĕry cot obscure, each lonely sheel
" On loftĭest mountain—evĕry vale's recess
" And tracless dingle in Northumbrĭa's realm
" The deed detested. Winds shall spread it wide
" And bubbling fountains murmur as they flow
" Of Edwin's murder. Evĕn my scatter'd dust—
" The stains and sedĭments of my martyr blood
" Shall cry aloud for vengĕance; and my death
" Give birth to myrĭads, who, with vengeful arm
" Omnipotent for freedom, shall arise
" And crush my vile oppressors.
" Strike, then; strike!—
" This flesh encumbers me—this soul of flame
" Would fain, (enfranchis'd from its sluggish mass—
" The dregs of matter!) thro unbounded space
" Spread its fierce inflŭence, and in Freedom's cause
" Arouse the slumbĕring world.
" Strike, then, secure,
" Thy murdĕrous poniard, Ossa, to the heart
" That pants for glorĭous martyrdom—and knows—

" And seeks to know, between triumphant death,
" And freedom's high-born hope, no servile mean!"

He said sublime—tearing, with resolute hand,
The Saxon robe; and, obvĭous to assault,
Expos'd Life's marble barrĭer—broad and firm
With rigid muscle and extended vein;
The ample seat of Fortitude divine,
And strength, and manly virtue.
So he stood,
Reckless of hostile fury, and for death
Collected. But the arm of Ossa shook
With palsied terror: palsied terror too
Shook the fell soul of Hermanric: and they,
Who ne'er knew pity, nor the throb humane
Of gentle sympathy, nor shrunk from crime
At voice of Conscience, with mysterĭous dread
Bow'd to his awful virtue. All abash'd
The factious herd stood heartless: and the throng—
Even they who late were hostile (save the few
Whom Powĕr had render'd callous) on his words
Hung all enraptur'd; for Amraphăel breath'd
Divinest influĕnce thro the spacious hall
And hush'd thĕ obstrepĕrous din. The vaulted roof
Bow'd listĕning, and the charmed air was still—

Still as the breeze of evening, when the voice
Of Him, thĕ All-Powĕrful, bids the world repose,
And earth and ocĕan slumber.
Thus entranc'd
In mute attention on thĕ heroic worth
Vassals and chiefs gaze, listĕning!—gaze the fair,—
Fond admiration in their grateful eyes
Swelling to love—to rapture! not with dread
Unmingled, or the sympathetic thrill
Of horror—that thro evĕry gentle vein
Crept anxious, and towards the mission'd pair
Turn'd oft the glance, keen searching;—evĕry glance
A venom'd poniard, that, with festĕring wound,
Punctur'd their guilty hearts. Such pause, awhile,
Thro Castor's dome, ensu'd his closing words,
And admiration mute. Then, all at once,
With choral hands, and shouts that rose to heavĕn,
Bursts forth the peeling plaudit that confirms
Undoubted triumph: loud as roll the peels
Of echŏing thunder, when the noxious weight
Of thick incumbent vapours, fly, dispers'd,
Their salutary fury.

* * * * * *

SPEECHES

OF

REYNIER AND ALWIN,

Demanding an Assembly of the Wittena-Gemot.

FROM THE SAME BOOK.

Meantime the fervid Reynĭer, to confirm
Auspicĭous triumph, and the throne redeem
From minĭon thraldom, as the plaudit faints
From shout to murmur, o'er the croud, uprears
His graceful front; and, with extended hand
Stilling the busy hum, (that, as the sea
When raging storms subside, yet heaves and swells,
Panting from late commotion,) thus resumes—

" Well has illustrĭous Edwin, like himself,
" Or like some God, abash'd the ruffian crew;
" But not destroy'd. Lurking conspiracy
" Still broods remoter treasons, not obscure,
" Mark'd on the brows of yonder sullen group:
" In whose dejected looks, downcast and dim,

" Embers of plausive hope are yet descried:—
" From dark cabal, and closetted intrigue,
" And private influence, expecting much:—
" Countĕnanc'd by past example. But be sure,
" If there be laws in Anglĭa—if the throne
" Be not subverted, and our rights destroy'd,
" Which from our Cimbrĭan forests we deriv'd,
" Nor conquer'd here to forfeit—Be assur'd
" That not in cabinets, by dark intrigue
" And authoris'd conspiracy, this cause
" Shall stand decided.
" Hear, East Anglĭans! hear—
" The realm shall hear:—I claim the Gemot's voice:
" The sovĕran voice of congregate East Anglĭa.
" Let her decide, in her collected states,
" For honour, or for infamy; and weigh
" Brave Edwin's worth against the haughty threats
" Of Adelfrid and Acca."
As he spoke,
O'er evĕry courtly cheek confusion rush'd—
Mingled with sullen fury. But not so
Listens the hoary Alwin, sage rever'd!
Time-honour'd Nestor of thĕ Uffingĭan court!
The living chronicle of buried worth
And deeds of better days! He, from his seat,

Delibĕrate, rising, to his silver hairs
Claims mute attention; and, with measur'd phrase,
Pregnant with facts and age-attested saws,
Prolix, with quĕrŭlous voice, supports the claim.

" Blest is that land, from popŭlar rage secure,
" The last of ills! whose princes plead the cause
" Of public freedom; and, with anxious zeal,
" Against encroaching power, or courtly frauds,
" (Too oft destructive!) lift the sacred shield
" Of antient charters and establish'd rights.
" For still, thĕ admiring multitude revere
" (Tho prone to giddy change, and often rous'd
" By wrongs or insults to licentious rage)
" The princely name; and still, with partial pride,
" List to the great; and to the race belov'd
" Of their old chieftains, whom, in rhyme or tale,
" By blaze of faggot, round the wintry hearth,
" Their vetĕran fathers, or the sager tongue
" Of hoary grandsires, handed down to fame.
" Let them but move for freedom, but in part,—
" Some little portion of neglected rights,
" Or wish'd indulgence, and, by them confer'd,
" Dear is the gift:—the very name is dear,
" Breath'd from their lips; and gives a prouder joy

" Than all that factious demagogues can paint,
" Or innovation seize.
" Blest, then, this land!
" Whose brave apparent heir, the realm's best hope!
" For antient freedom stands, and antient laws,
" And guards the people's rights.
" For me, whose blood
" Full fourscore winters, and the hardships born
" In many a rough campaign, have chill'd and drain'd
" To the last ebb of nature—Me, no more
" Useful in camps, or in the listed field,
" Where once, conspicŭous o'er my youthful peers,
" I shone, not unapplauded!—now my arm
" Wields not the pondrous mace; nor can I bear
" The weighty helmet, or the iron mail,
" Or rein the active steed:—what can I more
" To honour Woden, who, his battles done,
" Beneath Hydrassil's shade,—his sacred ash,
" Deep-rooted in the dwellings of the Fates,
" And spread aloft to heaven,—in judgment sits,
" Dispensing laws and right!—what can I more
" Than war for freedom, in the wordy strife
" Of public councils? and my feeble voice
" Join with illustrĭous Reynĭer, and demand
" Thĕ assembled Gemot?—where, in sage debate,

" Frequent and free, thĕ important point discuss'd
" May boast the public sanction. So the prince
" Advis'd, well-judging. So I give my vote:
" Beneath the frost of age, preserving yet
" The genĭal glow of Freedom.
" I could wish
" Some younger chief had shewn the honest zeal
" Nobly to second what was nobly mov'd.
" But youth degenĕrates.—I have seen the days
" (When Anglĭa triumph'd, and when Uffa reign'd)
" Applauding chieftains would have crack'd their lungs
" With honest plaudits, and one genĕral shout
" Have echo'd joyous thro' the emŭlous throng
" To hear their prince thus advocate their rights."—

So Alwin spoke; and, garrulous with age,
Had long proceeded, but, with haughty voice,
Vex'd and impatient, from his seat uprose
Imperĭous Hermanric, and thus reprov'd—

" Dotard! no more. Enough this presence knows
" Your plotted treason, and sedition mov'd—
" Calling the turbŭlent council. Shall we hear
" The dull rehearsal of your purpos'd saws,
" And factious preparation? or attend,

" Till break of morning, to this old wife's tale
" Of days of yore, and Uffa's pious reign?

" Go drawl your maxims round the wintĕry hearth
" To slavĕring grey-beards, trembling, like yourself,
" On Hela's brink: the misty home of such
" As die of stale garrulity. For us—
" We pause no longer o'er the stagnant bowl,
" Slumber who may. But, be it known to all,
" We are no triflers. Redŏwald's voice has fixt
" The second sun that the next dawn ensues
" For final answer. We expect it then;
" Or thundĕring war shall claim it in these walls
" And chase your factious Gemots.'
As he spoke,
With slight observance to the royal chair,
He left the hall, indignant, with his peer
Ferocious Ossa. Then, with gloomy brow,
(Brooding dark thoughts, that the protruded lip
Close rigid, and the self-communing eye
Sink in the socket rayless!) striding slow,
Bĕornulph pursues. Intent he seem'd, and big
With secret purpose, that his labŏŭring breast
Heav'd, as for vent; and, by attraction drawn
Of soul congenĭal, thro the aisle, he thrids

Their steps with equal pace: as thro the air,
Noxious with lazy mists, thĕ impregnant cloud;
O'ercharg'd with sulphŭrous fluid, slowly sails,
Darkĕning mid heavĕn; then on some gloomy mass,
Latent with like combustion, crashing bursts,
With dire explosion:—direful to the swain
Struck in the hidĕous contact.

Round the throne
Oswald and Egbert, and the minĭon crew
Throng anxious: for the Gemot's threaten'd call
Rang omĭnous in their ears; lest, not alone
Balk'd in their present purpose, the strong light
Of popular discussion might reveal
Their practic'd treasons; and avenging wrath,
Tho tardy, fall on long-protected crimes.

THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.

And thou hast chang'd thy hue, companion staid
Of forty varying years; thy darkest brown
Shifting to silvery whiteness. Be it so:
It is not the first time that I have met
An old acquaintance with an alter'd face;
And 'twill again betide me: or the wheel
Of even giddy Fortune must forego
Her old propension, and no more invert
My oft deluded hopes. But, of thy kind,
Not Fortune's steadiest favours, nor her hate,
Can stay the destin'd course. Mute monitor!
Thou art, indeed, but as the harbinger
Of many a change approaching, that shall soon
To all thy numerous tribe impart thy hue:
Dappling, at first, with many a wintery spot,
Till all is equal snow.

Well! my firm mind,
That many a less expected change hath borne,
Can bear that, also.

Hovĕring Winter, hail!—
Hail to the wrinkled front and hoary brow!
Not from thy reverend aspect do I shrink,
Season of waning life! if that thy snows
Incrusting all without, leave yet within
The genĭal warmth of friendship;—if thou bring
(So winter should) the calm and socĭal joys
Of dear affiance, and communĭon sweet
With few congenĭal minds; and not withhold
Quiet and competence, respect and love
And literary leisure:—if, o'er all,
Thou not refuse to them—my infant buds—
(The hope and promise of a future spring!)
Kindly protection from the ruffĭan blasts
Might mar their tender germs.

O! give me yet
Ere dull inaction freeze the torpid vein,
Or numbing languor cramp the vital powĕrs
Of sedŭlous effort,—Give me, yet, to rear
The sheltĕring fence of competence, to guard
These from the blight; and I will not repine
That Nature's wheel revolves; I will not mourn
My spring of storms, my summer overcast,
Or toils autumnal, that the wayward year
Strive to repair; but the last wintĕry hour

Accept as Nature's boon; and even then,—
When thy dim twilight o'er the studious eye
Steals darkling, and the tottĕring step forgoes
The pride of wonted firmness, will I bend
My unrepining weight;—if haply propt
Upon the matron arm of her, belov'd!—
My faithful stay thro every woe of life!—
Or on the filĭal shoulder rest, awhile
My waning strength, that each successive day
Counts by some new privation; till, at length
(Each function and each duty all fulfill'd)
Pleas'd with the thought—I have not liv'd in vain,
I lay me down; and, on the quiet couch
Of unreproving conscience pillŏwing me,
Welcome my doom; and, smiling, sink to rest.

THE END.

J. M'Creery, Printer,
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ADDENDA.

THE COTTAGE OF THE WESTERN MOOR.

SO white was the cottage, the thatch was so neat,
And the eglantine porch form'd so shady a seat,
That I gaz'd and I sigh'd, as I pass'd on the road—
"O! that mine were so tranquil and sweet an abode!"

Tho small was the garden that compass'd it round,
And no gaudy exotics embellish'd the ground,
Smoothly spread the green turf, and the wild-flow'rs were sweet,
That breath'd their perfume round the tranquil retreat.

'Twas a home for a Poet—Philosopher—Sage;
'Twas a cradle for youth—an asylum for age,
Where the world's wilděring cares, and its sorrows might cease;
For all was humility, comfort and peace.

And what are Ambition, and Grandeur, and Pride?
Say ye, who the Cotter's low mansion deride.
Can suites of gay chambers, and livěried parade,
Exclude the rude woes that life's pleasures invade?

Ah! no: on the brows of the affluĕnt and great,
Sits soul-cankĕring Care, in dark triumph elate;
Save when Folly's lew'd revels and Riot are sought,
To redeem them awhile from the torment of thought.

Away then, ye dreams of Ambition and Pride;
With the fever of youth, let its passions subside:
Ah! grant me, ere Life's mellow Autumn shall fade,
The neatly thatch'd cot and the eglantine shade.

Westmoreland, 1804.

THE TEAR.

TO MISS GEDDES.

I TALK'D of the woes of the days that are past,
Of afflictions and trials severe;
How the may-morn of life was with storm overcast,
How the blossoms of hope were all nipt in the blast;
And Beauty sat list'ning to hear.

Of hardships and dangers, and many a wrong,
And of toils that besett me so near;
Of treachery's snare and ingratitude's tongue
I told, and 'twas pleasant the tale to prolong,
For Beauty repaid with a tear.

Ah! soft form of Beauty! that gladdens the soul!
Is aught as thy sympathy dear!
When the bright-beaming eyes with benignity roll;
When heaves thy full bosom with Pity's controul,
And thy roses are wash'd with a tear?

When dark roll the clouds that o'er-shadow our doom,
When toils and when dangers appear,
When the storm-threatening waves all their terrors assume;
Then the sunbeam of hope that would scatter the gloom,
O Beauty! must shine thro' a tear.

Yes Beauty! thy tear, that from Sympathy flows,
To Manhood shall ever be dear:
'Tis the balm of all ills, and the cure of all woes;
And the heart-rankling wounds of remembrance shall close,
That Beauty has wash'd with a tear.

Glasgow, 1804.

ODE

FROM THE LAND OF MOUNTAINS.

THE first idea of the following Ode, (both in the thoughts and the turn of expression, as well as with respect to the metrical experiment of methodizing the incoherent rhythmus of Ossian ;) was suggested while the author was travelling over the mountains between Hawick and Selkirk, in his way to Edinburgh, in the year 1803. *It has since undergone several revisions ; and whatever merits or defects it may have, as a poetical novelty,—to the student of elocution it will be found a useful exercise. For such purpose, however, it is to be remembered—that every bar (as in a piece of music,) whatever be the number of syllables it may inclose, indicates the same integral admeasurement of time : the grammatical pauses, and the emphatic, or rhetorical quantities of particular syllables, (where, in just delivery, they would occur,) and the contractions and dilations of particular elements, as dictated by the facilities of organic action, under particular modes or accidents of combination, constituting, as well as the inherent quantities of those*

elements, or of the syllables separately considered, essential parts of the measure.

English Syllables differing from each other in their quantities, at least, in all the various proportions from eight to one, it is obvious—that nothing less than a complete system of musical notation, from the minim to the semiquaver, or from the semibreve to the quaver, could accurately indicate the respective proportions of every syllable to the eye; and such notation is, therefore, occasionally appealed to, in the exercises of the Institution; but for general purposes, it is perhaps sufficient,—at least it is all that can conveniently be done in a printed copy, merely to superadd the customary indications of quantity to those syllables that are either lengthened, beyond their usual proportion, by a just rhetorical emphasis, or accelerated in their utterance by accidental association; together with a general notification of grammatical pause, where the quantity of the cadence might else appear imperfect, or the position of a syllable be supposed to indicate something more than its inherent, or just rhetorical quantity.

It ought however to be observed—that the notations of long and short (¯ & ˘) indicate, in this specimen, the general quantities of the syllables, not the quantities of the specific elements over which they are placed. Upon minute analysis, it will, I believe, be found—that the em-

phatic quantity of a prolonged syllable, and, indeed, the quantity of spoken syllables in general, much more frequently belongs to the liquid than to the vowel: to the element, for example, which we so awkwardly represent by the compound ng, *in the word* songs; *not to the preceding* o. *It is, indeed, one of the essential circumstances by which the melody of speech is contradistinguished from that of song, that the swell and continuity of the voice should be more perceptibly on the vowels in the latter, and upon the sonorous consonants in the former: a distinction which can never be practically disregarded without offence to the ear of taste, tho I do not remember that it has heretofore been insisted upon by the discrimination of criticism.*

To this notation let the recollection be superadded, that the heavy poise (▵) or impulse in THESIS, *always belongs to the initial syllable of every cadence, or bar, and to that alone; and that the obvious progress, or metrical impulse of the voice, (in all graceful and harmonious utterance,) is constantly from the heavy to the light syllable,—never from the light to the heavy. These considerations premised and understood,—it may safely be affirmed—that there is no pupil who hath either an ear for music, a tolerably accurate idea of its most simple principles, or a clear apprehension of mathematical proportions, who may not derive elocutionary advan-*

tages from the study and recitation of this composition.

The reader who shall completely understand this system of rhythmus,—a system not originating in invention, but founded in analysis!—(the analysis of vocal phenomena and the necessities of organic action; and of which this specimen is meant to exhibit one of the most complicated illustrations that can come within the ascertainable limits of versification;) will, most assuredly, never find any difficulty in eliciting the richest harmony from many of those very lines of our immortal Milton, which the ignorant pedantry of criticism has stigmatized as unrhythmical and prosaic.

IT is the | vōice of | sōngs, | ĕchŏĭng frŏm thĕ | Lānd of | Mōuntāins;
Its | warblings ărе thĕ | brēath of | Lōve. | | |
It | calleth, ĭn ĭts | speed, ⌜ fŏr thĕ | soūndĭng | wĭngs of | eagles; |
It would | rival the | trāck of | wĭnds. | | |
It | flē-eth to the | faithful | bōsōm | ⌜ of the be|loved: |
To the | pillow ŏf | tēndēr | thōughts: | | |
There | fain would it | mūrmūr | ⌜ the soft | message ŏf thĕ | heārt;
There | whisper ŏf dĕ|light⌜ and | pēace. | | |

Thou art the | sunbeam ŏf thĕ | wintĕry | sōul, ⌝ | mōurner of | absence!
Even | thou⌝ the be|loved ŏf mў | hēart! | | |

The | sunbeam of | jōy⌜ | scattĕring thĕ | stōrmȳ | clouds, |
And il|lumĭning thĕ | mountain | path. | | |
Thy | image ĭs bĕ|fore me⌝ ĭn thĕ | lōvelȳ | trăck of | līght, |
And thy | vōice⌝ ĭn thĕ | mōanīng | wīnd. | | |
For | sad⌝ are the | moanings ŏf mў | Lōve,⌜ | lonely | lingĕring ! |
And | mournful⌝ the | lustre ŏf hĕr | eȳe. | | |

When—|when will ye | cēase, ⌜| storm clouds of | wāywārd | destiny ! |
En|veloping our | jōys no | more ? | | |
Ah!—|when shall the | dark-chilling | vapours,⌝ | līghtly | scattĕring, |
Dis|perse from the | hīlls of | distance ? | | |
When,⌜ | welcome tŏ thĕ | wāy-wōrn | fōot of the | lōnely | wandĕrer |
Shall the | vale of de|light ex|pand ? | | |
Oh ! | sunbeam ŏf thĕ | hēart !⌜ |⌜ shine | forth ŭpŏn mў | dreams ! |
And be | present⌝ ĭn thĕ | visions ŏf thĕ | day ! |

IT is the voice of songs, echoing from the Land of Mountains;
Its warblings are the breath of Love.
It calleth, in its speed, for the sounding wings of eagles;
It would rival the track of winds.
It fleeth to the faithful bosom of the beloved:
To the pillow of tender thoughts:
There fain would it murmur the soft message of the heart;
There whisper of delight and peace.

Thou art the sunbeam of the wintĕry soul, mourner of absence!
Even thou the beloved of my heart!
The sunbeam of joy scattering the stormy clouds,
And illumining the mountain path.
Thy image is before me in the lovely track of light,
And thy voice in the moaning wind.
For sad are the moanings of my Love, lonely lingering!
And mournful the lustre of her eye.

When—when will ye cease, storm clouds of wayward destiny!
Envelopping our joys no more?
Ah!—when shall the dark-chilling vapours, lightly scattering,
Disperse from the hills of distance?
When, welcome to the way-worn foot of the lonely wanderer
Shall the vale of delight expand?
Oh! sunbeam of the heart! shine forth upon my dreams!
And be present in the visions of the day!

JEFFERY.

A RHYTHMICAL EXERCISE:

BY A PUPIL OF THE INSTITUTION.

WHILE from the desert coast with lessĕning oar
The boat withdrew, upon the beach he sate
With forc'd and stern composure; for within
His heaving breast unwonted passion glow'd,
And the strong feeling of indignant woe.
But when thĕ horizon and the ocĕan's verge,
Bounded his view, and when the distant sail
Seem'd like a speck in heav'n's bright azure; then,
Then his heart sunk within him; on his sight
Rush'd the full crowd of horrors, and he turn'd
To mark the dismal scene. Barren and dry,
Heav'd the unfruitful earth; no living thing
Dwelt on its rugged surface, and no bird
Wing'd near its conscĭous flight. For here, alas!
Famine had fix'd her desolate domain.
But still, some glimmĕrings of delusive hope
Warm'd his sad breast, and round the desert isle
Headlong he ran, if haply he might find
Some herb nutritious, or some bubbling stream

To cool the burning fever of his blood.
Vain was his anxĭous search; then faint and sad,
His wearied limbs upon the lonely beach
He laid, in silent anguish; never yet
Did wretch so comfortless, so woe-begone,
Invoke the blessings of refreshing sleep:—
But not to him, upon her downy wings,
Refreshment came, nor soft oblivĭon's balm
Restorative.
When silent night had gain'd
The middle sky, the miserable man
Rose from his troubled slumbers. Not a breath
Disturb'd the foliage; no refreshing breeze
Play'd o'er the undulating wave: on high,
Clouded with noxĭous vapours, dank and dim,
Shone the pale stars. It was a pain to breathe
The heavy air; he trembled as he heard
His own deep sighs heave frequent, and he wish'd
Rather to hear the wolf's long howl, the roar
Of ravĕnous lions than to rest alone
In that accursed silence. Then each crime,
Each lawless sally of intempĕrate youth,
Each sinful word, with fearful agony
Remember'd, as in terrible array
At the tribunal of thĕ all-seeing Judge,

Rush'd on his mind; and conscience' angry form
Assum'd new horrors from the lonely scene.

Clad in the smiling mantle of the spring
The morning dawn'd; but brought, alas! no joy
To his benighted soul. For now the pangs
Of raging hunger and insatĭate thirst,
Prey'd on his wasted frame. Cheerless, again,
He cours'd the desert isle: then, sick at heart,
Upon the rugged beach he laid him down,
And on his hand reclin'd his aching temples.
Deeply he sobb'd, and wept; if tears they were,
That in his burning eyes with scanty drops
Rose scalding; for his heat-exhausted frame
Could yield no more. Over the green expanse,
That heav'd and glitter'd in the morning beam,
He cast one long, one melancholy look.
O might he view some heav'n-directed sail
Swelling above thĕ horizon! To his mind
The image of his birth-place, and his home,
Ne'er to be seen again, and evĕry face
Of friend belov'd, in sad remembĕrance, rose.
So pass'd the long, the miserable day.
Ideal phantoms thro' the live-long night
Disturb'd the wretch's slumbers; and he saw

The meagre form of famine, ghastly pale,
In all her terrors clad, and heard her voice
Yell in his ears, and scream his funĕral song.

A second sun arose: the wretched man
Felt, cold and chill, thĕ unutterable pang
Of comfortless despair.
O! it is sweet,
Secure ourselves, in pleasing terror rapt,
To hear the tale of horror; but to see,
To feel the dread reality, to know
No human help, no human comfort near,
Alone, and desolate, to pine, and die
The lingĕring death of famine—gracious heav'ns!
Who can with breast of human sympathy,
Dwell on the sad extremity of woe.
Full many ă time, had the poor sufferer brav'd
With manly front and fearless fortitude,
Death in his angriest form: when thro' the air
Hurtled the death-fraught thunder, and on high
Stream'd the red ruin; in Aboukir's bay
When Nelson conquer'd; when Trafalgar's cape
Witness'd the triumphs of the martyr chief;
Or when the angry demon of the storm
Howl'd in the blast, and o'er the shatter'd bark

The mountain wave hung imminent: unmov'd,
This had he seen and suffer'd; and amid
The work of death, was wont, with ardent glee,
To chaunt his naval war-song; now, alas!
With sickly fear and shudděring agony,
He shook convulsively. For never yet
Did death appear so terrible, so full
Of harrŏwing anguish, and mysterĭous dread.
O had he pour'd his life-blood when he fought
His country's battles, and in freedom's cause
Had died triumphantly!

Another day
Succeeds; slow, and more slow, the tide of life
Rolls on its scanty current; his big heart
Heaves with unwonted fluttĕrings; every nerve
Thrills with the pang of exquisite distress.
And now, so keen the agony that rends
His tortur'd frame, so fierce the raging fire
That burns his inmost vitals, that no more
He bears the anguish of protracted death.
Swift to the rock, that o'er the raging deep
Incumbent tower'd, with eager haste he rush'd,
Firm in the purpose of despair. Awhile,
With momentary fearfulness, he stay'd,
To mark the setting sun, and one last look

Fix'd on the parting glory. On his sight,
That moment burst, in all the pomp of sail,
The bellyĭng canvas; loud he rais'd his voice,
With all the frenzied ecstacy of joy,
And wav'd his hand on high. They hear, they see,
They guide the bark to that disastrous shore.

The quick reverse of unexpected bliss
His strength o'ercame, and as the raptŭrous hope
Flash'd on his weak and agitated mind,
He fell, exhausted, on the lonely sand.

R. C.

FINIS.

MONODY

ON THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

By Mr. THELWALL.

THE SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED.

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1806.

MONODY.

OH Friends! oh Britons!—if, with tearful eyes,
And heaving breast, slow, from your Patriot's grave,
You hither turn,—in hopes some strain to hear
May soothe your sufferings,—some melodĭous lay,
Fit to embalm his memŏry, and record
His worth unequall'd,—ah! that hope forego;
For I have nought but sorrow to return
To your mute sorrows: I must echo back
(In place of Eulogies of lofty strain)
Sighs to your sighs, and to your tears repay
Tears all as fruitless: I, with you, can bend
Prone o'er the earth, whose cold—cold breast inurns
Nature's chief pride;—the intellectual boast—
The grace—the glory of a widow'd age;
But can, alas! no more. Or if, amid
My frequent heaving sobs, the struggling voice,

Should, plaintive, force its intermittent way,
And the big heart unburthen,—can that voice
(By sorrow thus untun'd) e'er reach those notes
Of highest rapture, whose accordant swell
Should sound the Patrĭot's, sound the Statesman's praise,
—The Sage—the Orator—the all-inspir'd,
And all-inspiring, comprehensive mind!

Ah no! (for me unstrung) the Epic Lyre
Passes to other hands. Not mine to wake
The sounding strings—that, with responsive swell,
Should ring,—re-echŏing to thy matchless praise,
Thrice-honour'd Fox!—Yet, may thy loftier Fame
Claim its full record from a heart as warm,—
A soul as conscious of thy worth sincere
And energy benignant!—from a hand
More skill'd—more free to dwell on evĕry chord
May vibrate to thy glory! I, the while,
Will, o'er the plaintive Lute, in humbler strains,
Dwell on thy *Moral Worth*:—thy social praise,
In the calm walks of Friendship;—in the scenes
Of still retirement,—where each milder grace
(That from the heart's warm fountain, undefil'd,
Drinks its pure nurture) blossoms into life!—
My humbler verse (the Statesman's praise foregone)

Shall hail the *Man!*—the social *heart* shall hail,
Benignant and urbane!—a dearer theme,
And less obnoxious to the partial taint
Of prejudice and passion!
Here, O Fox!
Thy praise resounds unquestion'd:—Here the crest
Of Envy shrinks, in impotence, abash'd,
And all her snakes are stingless. To this theme,
In full accordance, evĕry ear shall bend,
And evĕry bosom vibrate: nor, while yet
Rĕmembĕrance in the vital seat remains
Of one who knew thy virtues, e'er shall cease
The cordial retrospection. Oft the *Friend*,
In bursting agony of soul, shall sob,
Tear-choak'd, thy praises;—the *Companion* gay
Of thy unbending hours,—oft as the cup
You wont to pledge, shall take thĕ accustom'd round,
Shall pause in musing sadness;—they who mark'd,
At casŭal distance, or with passing glance,
Chance led, thy artless manners,—thy mild port
And affable demeanour, shall respond
The grateful theme; and evĕn thy bitterest foe—
(For who thro public scenes and life's turmoil
Can walk, with conscious energy erect,
Foeless or unrevil'd?)—thy bittĕrest foe

Shall join with friends and strangers, here, to own
Thy praise unrivall'd :—to thy grave shall press,
Amid the throng promiscŭous ;—and, if
He hath a heart, (remembĕring what thou wert—
To friend how ardent ! and to foe how mild !—
How like a rock, in all the fix'd regards
Of gratitude and kindness ; but to wrongs
How unretentive !—flexible and soft
As yielding childhood, that impression takes
But as a passing shadow !)—even he,
Shall all his rankling enmities resign,
And weep—he e'er was hostile.
And O thou !—
(Could earth once more re-claim thee !)—even thou
—Spirit of fire ! that, in eccentric course,
Rov'd thro each sphere of science !—o'er-illum'd
With Heavĕn's too ardent flame !—intemperate
Of genĭus, as of Passion !—even thou,
Soul-kindling Burke ! hadst thou beheld this day,
Had melted to remembĕrance ; and, with voice
All eloquent of sorrow, had confess'd,—
With pride, the Pupil ; with despair, the friend.

Yes, such the boundless sympathy shall swell,
Thy solemn Dirge—O honour'd ! O rever'd

In evĕry social sphere !—thy virtues such,—
Transcending o'er my praise, lamented Fox !—
Virtues—that, thro the tenour of thy Life
Have flow'd unmingled,—save by such alloy,
As from the untam'd energies of youth
Too frequent spring :—taints of o'er-vigŏrous sap ;
That, in the vernal season, burst, too oft,
The swelling rind, and take a canker in,
That hastens (immature) thĕ autumnal fall.

And such, perhaps, thy penance !—Hence, perhaps,
So soon we mourn thee lost.—The sentient nerve,
First by the error, the contrition next
O'erstrain'd and harrass'd, yielded, ere its hour,
To Time's sure inroad ; and Affection mourns,—
Of half her hopes defrauded.
Yet—to us,
If, from thĕ o'erwhelming flood and heedless tide
Of youthful ebullition, thus remain
Lasting regret ;—yet, not to thee remains
Opprobrĭum's lasting taint :—how well redeem'd !—
When, in maturer years, and in the hour
Of sharp corrosive trial, full appear'd,
In Truth's clear mirror, the reflected scene
Of Folly's wild career. Resurgent, then,

With what elastic energy, upsprung
Thy buoyant mind! and how sublimely soar'd!
Beyond example, constant in resolve:
Reforming and atoning.
Nor in vain,
For thine, or Nature's glory, came the hour
Of such afflictive trial:—blest in this—
That 'twas thy favŏuring destiny to prove
Friendship no empty name;—to blend with hearts
True to *themselves* in THEE: whose *justice* prov'd
THEM not unworthy of the age—the clime
Thy manly worth adorn'd!—Ah doubly blest—
There (where 'tis dearest to the soul, to find
A faithful friend)—to find such friend thy own,—
Evĕn where the settled Prudence of the world
Would least have sought; and, the rich treasure prov'd,
Tŏ have turn'd thy frailty to an act of grace
And soar'd to Justice, where no Custom bound.

But cease, my heaving bosom!—check the strain,
Inadequate and faint! that vainly seeks
Tŏ enumerate his virtues;—to reveal
The heart—the soul, that nobly soar'd above
The vulgar limits of Tradition's rule—
Expansive and sublime. Let, those who knew,

From intimate affiance,—who have shar'd
His bosom's confidence,—the cordial flow
Of his attractive converse ;—who have seen
His eye, expressive of thĕ awaken'd heart,
Beaming in all its fulness ;—Let them pour
From the abundant treasŭry of their griefs
The copious eulogy ; in ample Lay,
His ampler heart delinĕate ; and record
What the swoln breast has treasur'd. Chiefly thou—
By either Muse, inspir'd !—by friendship more ;
O Sheridan ! indulgĕ the mournful theme
That claims thy flowing verse. Thou, skill'd alike,
To pour the stream of Heliconĭan song,
Inspiring ; or the not less raptŭrous tide
Of soul-exciting eloquence !—O seize,
Once more the Lyre ; and call, from evĕry eye,
The Tear's full torrent !—wake in evĕry heart
The glow of admiration :—the strong throb
Of emulous regret,—that what, it mourns,
Pants to resemble. In some deathless Lay
Sound—sound his praises ! that the world may hear,
And consecrate thy friendship and his worth.

We, sad, the while, will, o'er his hallow'd urn,
Pour our full sorrows ; and full oft invoke

His venerable name: with cherish'd love,
From sire to son (while generations last)
Transmit his memŏry:—for, oh! if e'er
Virtue was sacred held,—if excellence
Of heart and head,—if large capacious soul,—
If liběral Feelings join'd with Thought profound,
And Eloquence with Wisdom's strength sustain'd;
—If Knowledge wedded to Simplicity,—
The Maiden's meekness, with the Sage's lore;—
If these, can claim our revěrence, and command
A lasting admiration,—then; as long
As record lives,—as Memŏry loves to dwell
On past example, Fox, in evĕry heart
Shall find a Cenotaph: His image there
Shall live, inscrib'd with characters of truth;
And Time (while Time shall last) preserve the Name
—To Albion, and to social Virtue dear.

FINIS.

J. M'Creery, Printer, Black-Horse-Court, Fleet-Street.

THIS Monody, being designed as a companion to the Poem and Oration on the Death of Lord Nelson, is printed, as nearly as practicable, in the same style and type. If the time of the Lecturer should permit, it is intended that the Funeral Oration should be published also: that his humble attempts to commemorate two of the most interesting events in the records of modern obituary; may be laid before the public in the convenient form of a small and uniform volume.

The COUNTRY BUMPKIN and RAZOR SELLER.

P. PINDAR.

A fellow, in a market-town,
Most musical, cried razors up and down,
And offer'd twelve for eighteen pence;
Which, certainly, seem'd wonderous cheap,
And, for the money, quite a heap
That every man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard;
Poor Hodge,—who suffer'd by a broad black beard,
That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose:
With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid,
And, proudly, to himself, in whispers, said—
"This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

"No matter if the fellow be a knave,
"Provided that the razors *shave;*
"It certainly will be a monstrous prize."
So home the clown, with his good fortune, went,—
Smiling,—in heart and soul content,
And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd, from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began, with grinning pain, to grub—
Just like a hedger cutting furze:
'Twas a vile razor!—then the rest he try'd;—
All were impostors.—"Ah!" Hodge sigh'd,
"I wish'd my eighteen-pence within my purse."

In vain, to chase his beard, and bring the graces,
He cut and dug and winc'd and stamp'd and swore;
Brought blood, and danc'd, blasphem'd, and made wry faces,
And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er.
His muzzle, form'd of *opposition* stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff;
So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds.

Hodge, in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws,
On the vile CHEAT that sold the goods.
"Razors! a vile, confounded dog!—
"Not fit to scrape a hog!"

Hodge sought the fellow—found him—and begun—
"P'rhaps, Master Razor-rogue! to you 'tis fun
"That people flay themselves out of their lives.
"You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,
"Giving my crying whiskers here a scrubbing
"With razors just like oyster-knives.
"Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave
"To cry up razors that can't *shave*."

"Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I'm not a knave.
"As for the razors you have bought,—
"Upon my soul, I never thought
"That they would *shave*."

'Not think they'd *shave?*' quoth Hodge, with wond'ring eyes
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell,
'What were they made for then, you dog?' he cries.
"Made!" quoth the fellow, with a smile—"*to fell*."

MARTIAL ELOQUENCE.

HENRY V. before HARFLEUR.

SHAKESPERE.

Of the talent of Shakespere for Oratorical Composition, the Lecturer has delivered his opinion in other parts of the Selections; and specimens will be found, in their proper places, of the application of this talent to Forensic, and to Popular Elocution. The following is a noble and animated example of Military Eloquence: It is, therefore, here introduced, as a proper accompaniment to the "Oration on the tendency of Elocution to kindle Martial Enthusiasm."

The style of delivery apropriate to compositions of this description, is best characterised by strength, fervour, and emphatic energy. Some parts of the present Speech require a degree of impetuous rapidity: which, under proper regulation of the organs, will by no means interfere with distinctness of enunciation. Other passages require a more deliberate decision: but, as the principal object of the whole is to inspire impetuous enthusiasm, nothing can be more out of place than the measured and pedantic drawl—too frequently considered as the standard excellence of public recitation.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends! once more;—
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But, when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tyger;

Stiffen the sinews!—summon up the blood!—
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry thro' the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon;—let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'er-hang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.

Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height!—On, on, you noble English!
Whose blood is set from fathers of war-proof;—
Fathers—that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers. Now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you!
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war!

And you, good yeomen!
Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here
The mettle of your pasture. Let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;—
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand, like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start.
The game's afoot.
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and saint George!

A CONSULTATION OF PHYSICIANS.

(From the New Bath Guide.)

ANSTEY.

DEAR mother, my time has been wretchedly spent,
With a gripe or a hick-up wherever I went;
My stomach all swell'd, till I thought it would burst;
Sure never poor mortal with wind was so curst!
If ever I ate a good supper at night,
I dream'd of the devil, and wak'd in a fright:
And so, as I grew ev'ry day worse and worse,
The doctor advis'd me to send for a nurse,
And the nurse was so willing my health to restore,
She begg'd me to send for a few doctor's more;
For—when any difficult work's to be done,
Many heads can dispatch it much sooner than one:
And I find there are doctors enough at this place,
If you want to consult in a dangerous case.
So they all met together, and thus began talking:
"Good doctor, I'm your's—'Tis a fine day for walking.
"Sad news in the papers!—God knows who's to blame!
"The Colonies seem to be all in a flame:—
"This *Stamp Act*, no doubt, might be good for the Crown,
"But I fear 'tis a pill that will never go down."
"What can *Portugal* mean?—Is *she* going to stir up
"Convulsions and heats in the bowels of *Europe?*
"'Twill be fatal if *England* relapses again,
"From the ill blood and humours of *Bourbon* and *Spain*."

Says I, My good doctors, I can't understand
'Why the deuce you take so many patients in hand.
'You've a great deal of practice, as far as I find;
'But, since ye're come hither, do pray be so kind
'To write me down something that's good for the wind.
'No doubt ye are all of ye great politicians;
'But, at present, *my bowels* have need of phyficians.
'Consider my case in the light it deserves,
'And pity the state of my stomach and nerves.'—

But a tight little doctor began a dispute
About Administrations, NEWCASTLE and BUTE;
Talk'd much of œconomy, much of profuseness.—
Says another—"This case, which at first was a looseness,
"Is become a *Tenefmus*; and all we can do
"Is to give him a gentle carthartic or two.
"First get off the phlegm that adheres to the *Plicæ*,
"Then throw in a med'cine that's pretty and spicy:—
"A *peppermint* draught,—or a—Come, let's be gone,
"We've another bad case to consider at One."
So thus they brush'd off, each his cane at his nose,
When JENNY came in, who had heard all their prose:
"I'll teach them," says she, "at their next consultation,
"To come and take fees for the good of the nation."
I could not conceive what a devil she meant,
But she seiz'd all the stuff that the doctor had sent,
And out of the window she flung it down souce,
As the first politician went out of the house.
Decoctions and syrups around him all flew,
The pill, bolus, julep, and apozem too;
His wig had the luck a carthartic to meet,
And squash went the gallipot under his feet.

She said, 'twas a shame I should swallow such stuff,
When my bowels were weak, and the physic so rough;
Declar'd she was shock'd—that so many should come
To be doctor'd to death such a distance from home,
At a place where they tell you—that water alone
Can cure all distempers that ever were known.
But, what is the pleasantest part of the story,
She has ordered for dinner a piper and dory;
For to-day Captain CORMORANT's coming to dine:
That worthy acquaintance of JENNY's and mine.
'Tis a shame to the army that men of such spirit
Should never obtain the reward of their merit;
For the Captain's as gallant a man, I'll be sworn,
And as honest a fellow as ever was born.
After so many hardships and dangers incurr'd,
He himself thinks he ought to be better preferr'd.
And ROGER, or—what is his Name? NICODEMUS,
Appears full as kind, and as much to esteem us.
Our PRUDENCE declares he's an excellent preacher,
And by night and by day is so good as to teach her;
His doctrine, so sound, with such spirit he gives,
She ne'er can forget it as long as she lives.
I told you before that he's often so kind
To go out a riding with PRUDENCE behind;
So he frequently dines here without any pressing;
And now to the fish he is giving his blessing.
And, as this is the case,—tho' I've taken a griper,
I'll venture to peck at the dory and piper.
And now, my dear mother, I'm quite at a stand,
So I rest your most dutiful son to command.

THE WASHING-DAY.

MRS. BARBAULD.

THE Muses are turn'd gossips; they have lost
The buskin'd step, and clear high-sounding phrase—
Language of Gods!—Come then, domestic Muse,
In slip-shod measure, loosely prattling on
Of farm or orchard, pleasant curds and cream,
Or drowning flies, or shoe lost in the mire
By little whimpering boy with rueful face;—
Come, Muse, and sing the dreaded Washing-day.

Ye, who beneath the yoke of wedlock bend
With bow'd-down soul, full well ye ken the day
Which week, smooth sliding after week, brings on
Too-soon; for to that day nor peace belongs
Nor comfort. Ere the first gray streak of dawn,
The red-arm'd Washers come and chase repose.
Nor pleasant smile, nor quaint device of mirth
E'er visited that day; the very cat,
—From the wet kitchen scar'd, and reeking hearth,
Visits the parlour, an unwonted guest.
The silent breakfast meal is soon dispatch'd,
Uninterrupted, save by anxious looks
Cast at the lowering sky,—if sky should lower.
From that last evil, O preserve us Heavns!
For should the skies pour down, adieu to all
Remains of quiet; then expect to hear

Of sad disasters, dirt and gravel stains
Hard to efface, and loaded lines at once
Snapp'd short, and linen by dog-horse thrown down,
And all the petty miseries of life.

Saints have been calm while stretch'd upon the rack;
And Montezuma smil'd on burning coals;
But never yet did housewife notable
Greet with a smile a rainy Washing-day.

But grant the welkin fair, require not thou,
Who call'st thyself, perchance, the master there,
Or study swept, or nicely dusted coat,
Or usual tendance; ask not, indiscreet,
Thy stockings mended, tho' the yawning rents
Gape wide as Erebus; nor hope to find
Some snug recess impervious: should'st thou try
The custom'd garden-walks, thine eye shall rue
The budding fragrance of thy tender shrubs,
Myrtle or rose, all crush'd beneath the weight
Of coarse check apron, with impatient hand
Twitch'd off when show'rs impend; or crossing lines
Shall mar thy musings, as the wet cold sheet
Flaps in thy face abrupt.—
Woe to the friend
Whose evil stars have urg'd him forth to claim,
On such a day, the hospitable rites.
Looks, blank at best, and stinted courtesy,
Shall he receive: vainly he feeds his hopes
With dinner of roast chicken, savoury pie
Or tart or pudding;—pudding he, nor tart
That day shall eat; nor, tho' the husband try,

(Mending what can't be help'd,) to kindle mirth
From cheer deficient, shall his consort's brow
Clear up propitious; the unlucky guest
In silence dines, and early slinks away.

I well remember, when a child, the awe
This day struck into me; for then the maids,
I scarce knew why, look'd cross, and drove me from them;
Nor soft caress could I obtain, nor hope
Usual indulgences;—jelly or creams,
Relique of costly suppers, and set by
For me their petted one; or butter'd toast,
When butter was forbid; or thrilling tale—
Of ghost, or witch, or murder;—so I went
And shelter'd me beside the parlour fire.
There my dear Grandmother, "eldest of forms,"
Tended the little ones, and watch'd from harm,
Anxiously fond!—tho' oft her spectacles
With elfin cunning hid, and oft the pins
Drawn from her ravell'd stocking, might have sour'd
One less indulgent.———
At intervals my Mother's voice was heard,
Urging dispatch: briskly the work went on;
All hands employ'd to wash, to rinse, to wring,
To fold and starch and clap and iron and plait.
Then would I sit me down, and ponder much
Why washings were.
Sometimes, through hollow bowl
Of pipe, amus'd, we blew, and sent aloft
The floating bubbles,—little dreaming then
To see, Mongolfier, thy silkin ball

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Ride buoyant through the clouds. So near approach
The sports of children and the toils of men!

Earth, air and sky and ocean, have their bubbles;
And verse is one of them:———this most of all.

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